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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXVIII. No. 2293.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for
Canadian Magazine Post.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1940.

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All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. LXXXVIII. No. 2293.

Printed in England.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
New York U.S.A. Post Office.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1940.

Published Weekly. Price ONE SHILLING.
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THE ABOVE CHOICE MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE in the Queen Anne style, approached by long drive; large hall with panelled walls, beautiful drawing room, dining room, morning room, 11 or 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms; electric light; fitted basins in bedrooms; 4 heated garages, lodge, 2 cottages; fine gardens with swimming pool, picturesque woodland and park-like meadows.—Recommended by MAPLE & CO., as above.

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Central heating and every modern convenience.

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GARDENS and LAND extending to 30 ACRES.

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*In a high healthy position on sandy soil.*AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN
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*All Main Services. Central Heating.*Delightful gardens and grounds with some
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AN EXCELLENT COUNTRY HOUSE

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142 Acres Let Off.

Commodious
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Or would be
Let Furnished for
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For pleasurable and profitable occupation. Excellent Fishing and Shooting included.
*Taunton 28 miles. Exford 5 miles.***RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE.**—Superior RESIDENCE.
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NEAR PICTURESQUE VILLAGE OF FORD.—339 ACRES: two-
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COMPACT MIXED FARM.—170½ ACRES of good medium LAND, plus
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FOR INVESTMENT OR OCCUPATION.—207-ACRE FARM. Good
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(ESTABLISHED 1778)

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IN GLORIOUS WEST SUSSEX

Between Midhurst and Petersfield. In a lovely countryside away from military objectives and commanding a magnificent view.



TO BE SOLD. An expensively built and thoroughly well-appointed RESIDENCE, containing 7 bed, 3 bath and 3 reception rooms (large), etc. Electricity, central heating, etc.

Garage and Lodge; long drive; swimming pool. Inexpensive well-timbered gardens, a small wood, etc.; some 17 ACRES in all. Capital bus service passes.

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NEAR MARKET TOWN.



ARCHITECT-BUILT RESIDENCE

3 reception, Study, 5 bed and dressing, 3 baths. Main electric light and water, modern drainage, central heating.

DOUBLE GARAGE. 2 ACRES OF GROUND

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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UNSPOILED DISTRICT. 40 MILES LONDON.



SMALL CHARACTER HOUSE

Mainly Queen Anne. Drive approach, 9 bed, dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms. Main electric light and drainage. Main water available.

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OLD GARDENS.

Tennis Court, Orchard, Paddock.

7 ACRES. £3,800

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Within easy reach of important centres, and Farmhouse with 8 rooms, etc.
GOOD OUTBUILDINGS. 2 CAPITAL COTTAGES.

LAND COMPRISSES 180 ACRES
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NEAR SHERBORNE.
DELIGHTFUL STONE-BUILT HOUSE

Approached by long drive.
12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.
Stabling, Garage, Lodge.

Central heating, Constant hot water. Main water, Own electric light, Septic tank drainage.

Beautifully-timbered gardens and paddock.

ABOUT 7 ACRES

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EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE

2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Every convenience and comfort.

Garage, Stabling, 2 lodges.

Lovely gardens and park

ABOUT 84 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

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500ft. up, easily accessible to London and designed by Mr. P. Morley Horder.

AN EXCELLENT MODERN HOUSE
Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (5 basins), 2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating. Garage.

Delightful Gardens with Tennis Court and Orchard.

2 ACRES PRICE £5,000

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.I.

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SUSSEX

WITHIN DAILY REACH.

ATTRACTIVE MODERN TUDOR HOUSE

14 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms,

4 reception rooms.

Central heating. Main services.

Attractive Gardens.

ABOUT 5 ACRES

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED

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FARM OF 200 ACRES

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STONE-BUILT FARMHOUSE

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Modern Farm Buildings.

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PERFECTLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE IN THE GEORGIAN STYLE

IN ALL ABOUT 2½ ACRES.

LONDON ABOUT 45 MILES.
ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE
affording every labour-saving device that modern ingenuity can provide.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS. 10 BEDROOMS.
8 BATHROOMS.

GARAGE. LODGE.

Central heating: main water and electricity, modern drainage.

SECLUDED GROUNDS SCREENED BY FINE TREES, WIDE LAWNS, HERBACEOUS BORDERS, FORMAL GARDENS, ETC.



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STAFFORDSHIRE (Stoke-on-Trent district) and within half-an-hour's drive of Dovedale). Artistic MODERN RESIDENCE, strongly built, with cement cream-coloured surface and slated roof. 3 large reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, expensively fitted bathroom. Electricity and heating. 2 Garages. Beautifully arranged Garden. Tennis court and lawn. South aspect and open views. TO LET FURNISHED or FOR SALE with or without 5 Acres of grounds.

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FASCINATING OLD FARMHOUSE, skilfully converted ancient interior and period characteristics; lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; *all main services connected*; stabling, garage, picturesque old tithe barn a feature; pretty gardens; artistic pool; orchard, paddock and grassland.

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RED BRICK GEORGIAN HOUSE, in secluded grounds, close to extensive commandment; 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; *all main services, central heating*; stabling, garage; HARD TENNIS COURT; gardens, lawns, ornamental timber; extensive road frontages.

Nearly 3 ACRES. UNDER £4,000
(1058.)

OLD-WORLD BERKSHIRE

READING 6 MILES
PICTURESQUE QUEEN ANNE HOUSE, in sequestered valley, intersected by trout stream. Just in the market for SALE: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms (5 with b. and e.) 2 bathrooms; *main electricity, new drainage and water*; walled gardens and grassland; garage.

ABOUT 10 ACRES. ONLY £4,000
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CLOSE TO THE
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£5,000.—Most attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE in a very favourite district. Modern conveniences, including central heating. 3 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent offices, kitchen with "Aga" cooker.

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Executors' Sale.

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QUEEN ANNE PERIOD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, commanding fine views; 1 mile village, 1 mile station. Lovely district. Away from main roads. Everything in splendid order. Hall and 3 sitting-rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electricity and power; Company's water; central heating; independent hot water. 2 Cottages. Stabling and garage. Charming garden, orchard and paddock. Total area about

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In a splendid district.

TUDOR COUNTRY RESIDENCE, well away from all towns, yet not isolated. Lodge at drive entrance. Square hall and 3 other large sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, nurseries, 5 bathrooms. Main electricity; central heating. Stabling and garage.

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In a rural area close to 18-hole golf course and in a splendid sporting and social district.

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Lovely position. Easy reach of York.



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Anywhere within 1-1½ hours of London.

(Kent-Sussex border or Surrey, if rural, considered.) House with well-proportioned rooms, Georgian preferred, standing in 20-40 ACRES.

8-10 bedrooms, at least 2 bathrooms.

Must have 1 or 2 cottages.

About £8,000 available for the right place

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S.E., W. or N.W. of London, up to 100 miles.

A MEDIUM-SIZED PROPERTY

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MODERN EQUIPMENT.

Good Price will be paid and likely places inspected at once.

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Sporting locality; 2 hours west of London.



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Main electric light and water. Central heating.

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BUILT BY AN ARCHITECT FOR HIS OWN OCCUPATION.

Luxuriously appointed, in perfect condition and ready for immediate possession.

3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms with wash basins (b. and e.), 2 modern bathrooms, servants' sitting room.

Main services, including electricity, gas and water.

DOUBLE GARAGE.

Superior Cottage now let at £50 a year.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS which have been the subject of considerable expenditure and great care.

3 ACRES FREEHOLD £5,000



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A SMALL SHOW PLACE OF GREAT CHARM

A XVIth CENTURY HOUSE with additions in keeping.

THE LONG, LOW TYPE, AND BEAUTIFULLY MELLOWED.

Full of characteristic features, including oak beams and cosy inglenook fireplaces.

LOUNGE HALL.
3 RECEPTION.
7 BEDROOMS.
2 BATHROOMS.



"AGA" COOKER.
CENTRAL HEATING.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Basins in bedrooms.

3 GARAGES. STABLING.
EXCELLENT COTTAGE.

TENNIS COURT. LOVELY GARDENS.

2 ponds and large well-timbered paddock.

£5,750 with 5½ ACRES

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occupation.

In faultless order and ready to
walk into.

LOUNGE HALL WITH GARDEN.
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LOGGIA.

DINING ROOM AND STUDY.
7-8 BEDROOMS.
2 BATHS.

LABOUR-SAVING OFFICES.

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GARAGE, STABLING AND
OUTBUILDINGS.

COTTAGE
with 3 bedrooms and bath.

INEXPENSIVE GARDENS
with
TENNIS COURT AND KITCHEN
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In all about 16 ACRES
PRICE £6,500

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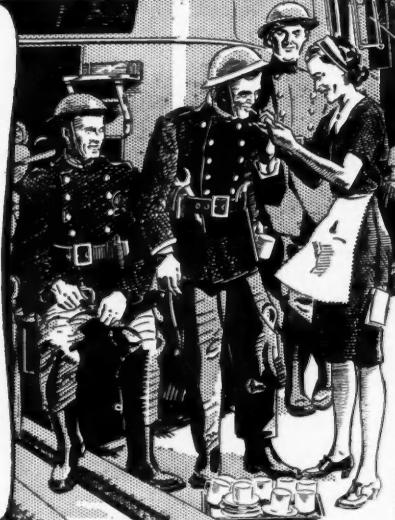
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COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1940

Vol. LXXXVIII. No. 2293



Bassano

38 Dover Street, W. I

THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL

Miss Bethell is the only daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell and the late Captain the Hon. Richard Bethell, of Aylesfield, Alton, Hants; her marriage to Mr. James Innes, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Col. J. A. Innes, D.S.O., of Horringer Manor, Bury St. Edmunds, and Inchgarry, North Berwick, is to take place on January 14th, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

COUNTRY LIFE

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"Country Life" Crossword No. 570 p. xvii.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE : INLAND 2d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2d.

NEW HORIZONS FOR OLD

THE ideal size of the community in which man can best flourish physically and mentally, and exert his emotions and his reasoning powers for the benefit of the race, has been a subject of dispute since the race began. The Greeks, the people to whose successors we are at the moment most closely allied, spent about five hundred years in trying to decide the question whether village, city, colony, nation or despotic empire was the best unit to concentrate on. They did not decide the question, though they gave us admirable examples of the success or failure of each particular kind. The modern world has the same problems to face. We uphold to-day the ideal of that civilisation with which the Greeks confronted barbaric despotisms. That civilisation had one foot in the city and one in the village. The complaint of many thinking people for some time past has been that our own has had both in the same place. The new city, a hive of unlesured industry which the Greeks never contemplated, colours all our ideas and opinions. This may sound a rather grandiose introduction to a few words about the way in which an evacuated London school discovered the country, but it is not such a bad idea to keep the Present always silhouetted against the Past. The modern city is a half of the democratic organism of to-day. What about the other half? Two years ago there was a great stir about building school camps in the country. Parliament got very worried about the lack of return on the inevitable expenditure. The result was that not half the work was done that might have been done. We said then that it would have been justified over and over again from the point of view of national defence, quite apart from that of the proper education of the rising generation.

What is the proper education of the rising generation? It is said that Queen Elizabeth, being told that an attack on certain European ports would be hotly contested, replied : "We should hardly expect those pigs to defend their sties"; and no doubt the simile was apt. But sties and pigs and cattle and crops are the basis of our own and everybody else's civilisation. What can be done to make our rising generation realise it? This is where we come to the discovery of Cranleigh. The sons of our cities are being sent out to live in the country; and Mr. A. E. Clarke, Headmaster of Ilford Central School, took his to live in the Elmbridge Camp School at Cranleigh. In this issue of COUNTRY LIFE he describes in detail the strides that have been made in their proper education. "Boys," he says (and by this he may mean town boys) "seem blissfully unaware of anything outside the interest of the moment." A village to them is "a few houses and some fields." Fortunately, he heard of a competition for secondary schools for a survey of the neighbourhood in which they found themselves. His school was not a secondary school, and he had to get special permission to enter. This was given, and the Ilford Central School wiped the board. How it was done is described in Mr. Clarke's article; and we should spoil our readers' enjoyment of a real triumph of literature to attempt to summarise it here. Let us be content with recording Mr. Clarke's verdict. "In nine months of experiments I have satisfied myself that the camp schools will prove worth infinitely more than they will cost."

The 1940 Council, which organised the admirably devised competition that Elmbridge won, is a group of planners, agriculturists and teachers, whose chairman is Lord Balfour of Burleigh. It aims at promoting "the planning of social environment on a national scale" through research and publicity—in other words, the study of the psychological aspects of town and country planning. As Mr. Clarke has said : "The 1940 Council is concerned with building the homes of the future. We are concerned with building the people to live in them. A combination and extension of our efforts to-day would probably eliminate

the slum-mind in a generation." And who is prepared to deny that the "slum-mind" is not only the weak spot in the organisation of democracy but the complete basis of totalitarian tyranny?

1940

AS the year nears its end, few have not cast a backward glance over its grim yet glorious months, days scarred and sacred. In the flickering Christmas firelight its awful course could be glimpsed at last as history—still disconnected, unresolved, yet events to be not immediately endured but looked back on. And what history the first full year of war has made! Finland, Denmark, Norway, the Low Countries, the French Republic lie prone after titanic struggles—prone, but not dead. And in its darkest hour the British Empire was saved by what must always seem the miracles at Dunkirk and in the aerial battle of London. Miracles in a real sense they were : those almost supernatural assertions of the unpredictable British genius. A Commonwealth, that we within it knew full well had not yet found itself, suddenly in the fog of battle rose to its sublimest heights of fortitude and incalculable achievement, found itself led by the greatest fighter in its long history, and defended by those few who will live immortal so long as epics endure ; and discovered in every man, woman and child in its cities a rock-like strength and cohesion that none of us could have imagined, still less anticipated. For Britain, 1940 has been the most glorious year in her annals. In its closing days, when the wonderful Greek Army and the Imperial Army of the Nile are at last beginning to turn the tables, this nation of shopkeepers is coolly casting up the bill for past and probable damage to its buildings on an actuarial basis. Over a period of five years this works out at half a crown in the pound : eight to one on victory—come what may.

THE NEW CHARLIE CHAPLIN

IT would be nice to be able to say that Charlie Chaplin's film "The Great Dictator" is a great work of art which is also a smashing blow for democracy. Unfortunately, great art does not deal in smashing blows. At least, Shelley held that it doesn't, holding that the business of art is to invigorate the spirit and to trust to the invigorated spirit to do moral good as and when occasion served. Which, of course, may be a distinction without a difference. And perhaps Mr. Chaplin's film is not such very great art after all. Indeed, there are critics who hold that Mr. Chaplin, the world's greatest buffoon, has never been less inspired. Certain it is that when it comes to dealing the smashing blow the film desists from being or pretending to be a work of art, Mr. Chaplin divesting himself of his motley and speaking in or out of his own person. The message is one which will not be new to any man, woman or child in these islands, and it is in point of fact a little late. We who are being preached at know ourselves to be plentifully converted. Not to put too fine a point on it, thousands have died and suffered injury and loss for what this film would now tell them. It might be held that there are other countries—Spain, for example—where the film could be more profitably shown. And, of course, the one country we could wish to see it in is Germany. Perhaps the next best thing would be the Germans in America. Incidentally, was it necessary for the music accompanying the final speech to be German? Can we never get away from Wagner? Is there nothing of Elgar that would have served?

IS LIFE A BOON?

SINCE the case of "Iolanthe" stuffed the Woolsack with thorns, as his Lordship wittily remarked at the time, a Lord Chancellor can seldom have been called on to decide so speculative a question as the monetary value of the degree of happiness likely to be attained in after life by a deceased child. This was the issue raised by the case of Benham v. Gambling. The answer to it, in the widest sense, is also that sought in all religions, most philosophies, and by many poets since the dawn of time. But it is only since 1934 that a legal decision and the passing of the Law Reform Act has enabled not only a person, but his executors, to claim damages for loss of expectation of life—over and above those due for injuries caused by an accident. Since then the decisions awarded "have appeared," his Lordship said, "to proceed on the basis that human life must be assumed on the whole to be an advantage rather than a disadvantage," a view which cynics and ascetics both dispute ; also that, in so many words, the more of life one loses, the greater the loss, with which the nostalgic retrospections of experience on the relative value of youth and age (so we used to be assured in our schooldays) are in flat disagreement. Indeed, some decisions, said the Chancellor, have implied that there are some factors assumed to operate the other way. Without any cynicism it could certainly be argued that, however much happiness a child may be expected to find in later life, so many expenses are eliminated by its death that, purely financially, the parent or guardian thereby benefits rather than deserves compensation. This brutal point, however, should have been thought of before the Act was passed. During its six years of life, so many questionable actions for damages have been brought under it that there is a strong case for its repeal or, at least, amendment. In scaling down awards payable in such cases, the House of Lords have taken not only a very desirable step, but one that, alas ! is only too equitable in these unhappy times.

LONDON THAT IS TO BE

ALREADY enough has been said in the series of articles on this subject to make it clear that transport is far from being the only main consideration in any post-war replanning of London. Some go so far in the opposite direction as to say that Sir Charles Bressey and Sir Edwin Lutyens "have tackled their great task in the spirit of a couple of speed-mad sixth form boys who have just got their first motor-

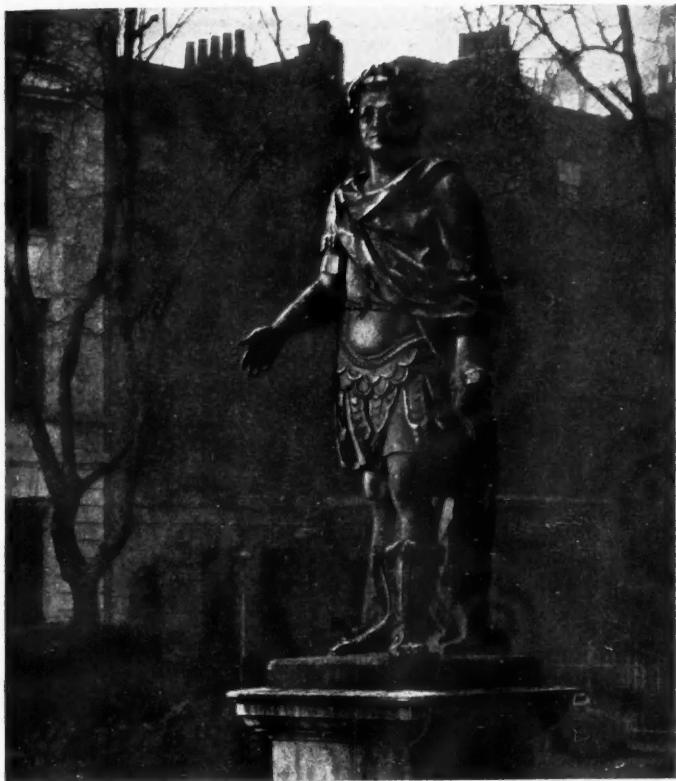


Photo : E. O. Hoppé

ONE OF THE LESSER KNOWN OF LONDON'S STATUES:**GEORGE II BY VAN NOST, IN GOLDEN SQUARE**

Originally it was at Canons, the Duke of Chandos' princely seat at Edgware, and was set up here in 1753. In *Nicholas Nickleby* Dickens described it as "a mournful statue, the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrines"

bikes." This picturesque description is Miss Elizabeth Denby's in the *New Statesman*, in calling for a wider, more comprehensive approach to the problem. She, like Mr. Sharp last week in these pages, wants a London fit to live in, not simply to hurry in and out of. The idealist town-planner's ideal is a metropolis so arranged that internal travel is reduced to a minimum and with amenities sufficient to incline citizens to spend their leisure *chez eux*. It is possible that these careless years will produce a "go slow" generation, and that we shall all attain to the wisdom of the Swedes, who have a proverb, "God did not create hurry." Still, the fact remains that even well planned Paris had caught the week-end exodus habit. If one thing is quite certain about the Bressey plan, it is that not a tenth part of it will ever be effected. Indeed, it exists only as an outline for discussion and planning. As such, its concentration on highways does, besides stressing some urgent necessities, mark a step towards dividing the vast complex problem of replanning London into discussable sections. Everybody agrees that transport is only one aspect of the muddle. But better start with roads than with Miss Denby's nightmare suggestion of concentrating all railways into four giant termini (what problems of dispersal and congestion would they not raise?), or the still more complicated ideal of subterranean through-railways. Yet here again these possibilities should be considered as contributory avenues to the solution of the problem.

PRAYER FOR NEXT YEAR

Father of flowers and trees,
Look on my shining spade.
It has just planted these
Next-year promises
In the garden I have made.

Cut from a fallow field,
Hedged against the wind,
I'll swear to make it yield
Beauty to your mind.

I offer you my sweat,
Labour of muscle and brain.
Come then, with generous heat,
And summer gifts of rain.

What you give, I will take,
Repaying by my toil
With fork, and hoe, and rake,
Your promise to my soil.

RICHARD CHURCH.

OUR GALLANT STATUES

BRITISH statues, like British statutes, come in for a lot of good-humoured abuse in time of peace, but in the hour of national danger are recognised (perhaps tardily) as standing really for our very selves.

"An ill favoured thing, sir, but mine own" has in it the truth of Englishmen's affection for many things besides their wives. And just as Touchstone would have allowed that Audrey "wasn't no picture," we can admit that none of London's statues are Michelangelos, yet still, with all their shortcomings, feel some qualms for leaving them out in the *Blitzkrieg* unprotected. Even if effect has not in all cases come up to intentions, those trousered and whiskered statesmen were not commemorated for nothing. On a foggy evening (which many regard as London's natural climate) they may actually attain majestic beauty. Mr. Osbert Sitwell may have dubbed one tog'd Victorian worthy "boredom rising from the bath"; yet even the most arrant Orangeman would protect poor King James II (by Grinling Gibbons) outside the Admiralty, and embittered Jacobites agree to sandbagging (now, as in his lifetime) Dutch William where he prances superbly in his rival's Square.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES**Cats and Dogs—The Younger Generation—A Fishing Story—Aids for the Deaf**

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

PERHAPS it is not quite true to say that I am not a natural cat-lover, as the condition has been forced on me by the dogs I have owned, and who have all been most particular about the company I keep. Many years ago, when I lived in a Libyan Desert oasis and was temporarily dogless owing to a scorpion, I was adopted by a cat—the most frightful-looking cat I have ever seen. She was coal black, with wild yellow eyes, she had an abnormally long neck with a very small head at the end of it, and when one picked her up she felt like whipcord with steel wire reinforcements. Not at all the sort of cat one makes a pet of, but the type the Ancient Egyptians used to mummify and place in tombs. However, she was lonely and so was I, and we struck up a friendship. As she was a great conversationalist, we used to talk to each other in squeaky voices, and she agreed with everything I said, even when it was criticisms of Headquarters and the Government, and this always makes for congeniality and mutual respect. We went as far as hunting together; every night after dinner it was the usual routine to go to the food store, and she would take up her position on the opposite side of a barley sack while I moved it. Then she would dash in, get her mouse, and withdraw; but nothing on earth would induce her to catch more than one a night.

* * *

WHAT really won my admiration was the occasion when she was lost, though actually I was quite upset at the time. I think possibly it is doubtful if a cat of that calibre is ever lost, but she was absent from the house, which meant she was at large in the cultivation and palm groves that were full of the lesser wild beasts—those carnivora which do not interfere with human beings, but which are death to everything else—hyenas, the small Egyptian wolf, packs of jackals, lynxes and foxes. After she had been missing two nights I gave her up as lost and eaten, but a fortnight later I was awakened during the night by hearing her shouting "Halloo" on the veranda, and there she was, thinner, harder and uglier than ever, but very much alive and extremely hungry. She finished off the complete breast of a turkey and then took a drumstick to bed with her.

I imagine she had been away on a honeymoon, for the hunting in the oasis, considering the competition from beasts of prey, must have been extremely poor; but the remarkable part about it was how she escaped herself. I suppose she was too terrifying and tough-looking for any hyena or jackal to try conclusions with her, and if that was the case one can only wonder how she managed to acquire a bridegroom.

* * *

IREMARKED some time ago on robins and their extreme annoyance in the spring at finding their own special corners of the garden overrun with their own offspring. I discovered the other day that it is not only birds that suffer from this family overcrowding. My Aberdeen has a lady friend of the same breed who lives half a mile away, and about nine months ago he sired five puppies that are now so like father that it is difficult to tell them apart.

Tam, the Scottie, has his own special rabbit preserve just outside the garden boundary—two thick gorse and bracken clumps with a nice stretch of level galloping turf in between—and it is a poor evening when he cannot bustle a couple of rabbits into the open. One evening last week he went down for his customary 6 p.m. hunt before dinner and, to his horror, found the gorse alive with black Aberdeens, exact replicas of himself, and not a rabbit in sight. He did not do anything, nor did he say anything; but he stood there watching them, a picture of amazement, annoyance and chagrin. Then turning round, with his tail well off the vertical and his ears bat-like rather than cocked, he trotted back to his sunny patch on the lawn and threw himself down heavily with a deep sigh.

* * *

MY efforts to remove grievances and obstructions seem to have been singularly unfortunate. I recall, for instance, a troublesome and tough strand of ivy that for years had hung from the centre arch of a small bridge over a river in which I had an interest. It was an obstruction and grievance because immediately above it lay a trout of very considerable size, who rose apparently all day and far into the night at the exact spot where the water dimpled as it met the ivy strand. Whenever one passed that way rod in hand one never failed to see a big black snout appearing silently and sucking in the flies as they floated down. It was, however, a complete waste of time to try to cast over him, as either one hit the ivy, putting the trout off his stroke, or the lure developed a sudden and most unreal drag in the fast-running water.

This went on for several seasons, and then one morning, having left half a cast and a new fly in the ivy, I made up my mind to remove the grievance for all time; so I hooked up the strand and cut it off,

retrieving my cast and fly and about a dozen other flies, mementoes of previous mishaps. With the consciousness of a good deed performed I went on up-stream, resolved to return later in the day and reward myself by catching the giant trout.

At about 7 p.m., when the evening rise was well on, I wandered back towards the bridge and met my partner in the water coming up. In response to the fisherman's usual query he showed me a magnificent two and three-quarter pound trout in his creel.

"I got him by the bridge," he explained. "He's been there for years, but you couldn't cover him because of a bit of ivy. Some obliging fellow has cut the ivy away, and I got him first cast!"

* * *

COUNTRY LIFE must number a few deaf people among its readers—I hope not very many, for their own sake—and some of them, who manage to carry on by means of electric hearing aids, have probably received the news that the special batteries which fit these machines are no longer available. This means that a deaf aid that cost in the neighbourhood of twenty guineas may now be relegated to the category of interesting curios of the past, and may be placed on the walnut Sheraton table alongside the brass Benin statuette and the jade Chinese god. The only difference is that some dealer might buy the statuette or the god at a fair price, but would not look at the deaf aid.

The various deaf aids on the market—the e must be some twenty or more—are worth only a moderate sum in actual material and workman-

ship, but the price remains very high, as there was a considerable amount of original research and ingenuity in the design, the market is limited, and there are large sums spent in marketing them. One of the lamentable effects of this war will probably be a large increase in the numbers of deaf people, and some charitable body should be formed to cater for these unfortunates by the provision of hearing aids at cost price. I am asked constantly to subscribe to various societies who aid the blind, cripples, orphans, unmanageable boys, backward girls and so on, but I have never heard of anything that attempts to do anything for the deaf. "A fellow feeling," etc., and realising what I owe to my twenty-guinea aid (now out of action), which I can just afford, I cannot help thinking of those other unfortunates who are quite unable to manage to pay so much.

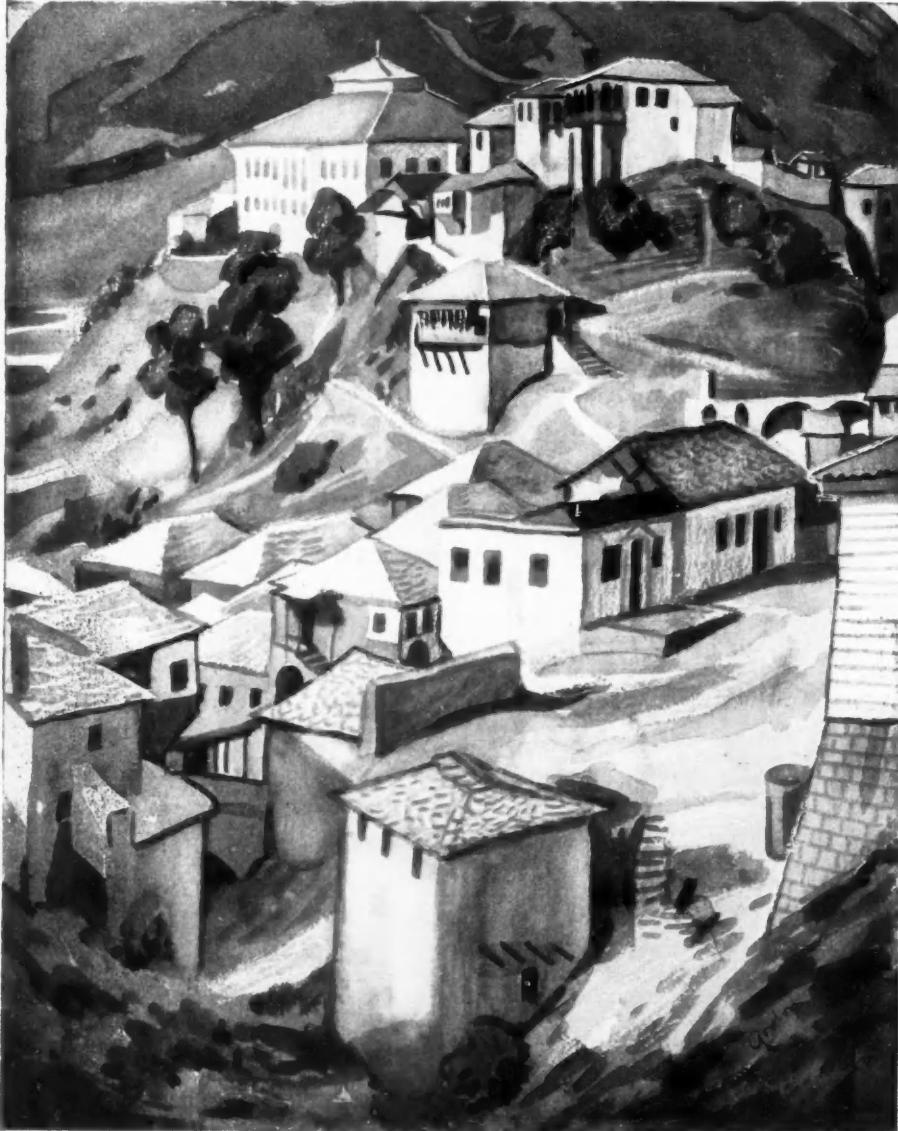
With regard to the dry batteries that are no longer obtainable, I am given to understand that the battery manufacturers held a meeting to discuss which of the many types of varying sizes and voltages they should continue to make in war-time. They considered carefully the needs of the wireless-set owners, users of torches of various sizes, bicyclists and others, and, as might have been expected, the poor old deaf came last. I do not suppose there was a deaf man at the meeting—he would have been a nuisance, anyhow—so why worry, for the wireless, the torch, and the bicycle are so much more important. The only little point is that one could get a new wireless to take a standard battery for, say, £5, a new torch for 2s. 6d., and a new bicycle lamp for 4s. 6d., but a new deaf aid costs £20.

THE FACE OF ALBANIA

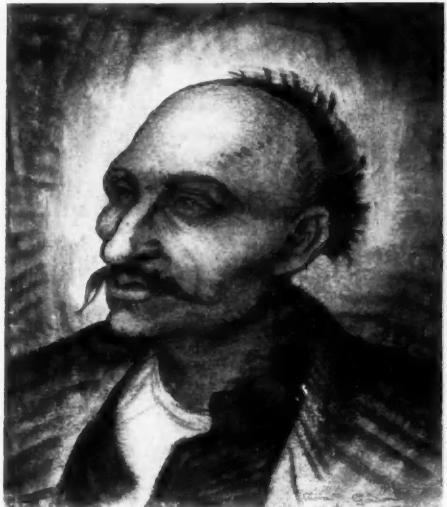
WHERE EAST MERGES IN WEST, MEDIÆVAL IN MODERN. By JAN GORDON

ALBANIA is a land of extraordinary contrasts. One-third of the population is as depressed and as malaria-ridden as any community in Europe, while another third includes mountaineers as tough and aggressive as can be found anywhere. It is a land, where under a completely modern system of electric lighting,

the manners may still be those of the twelfth century, where women wearing shoes, the soles of which are cut from pieces of old motor tyres, stamping "Dunlop" or "Michelin" into the mud as they go, wear skirts the prototypes of which may be found on pottery figures from the Minoan age. Only yesterday it was often a family duty to shoot your



ARGYROCASTRO MARKET PLACE, showing at the top the City Hall, last defence of the Bersagliari. Jan Gordon



HEAD OF A MOHAMMEDAN MOUNTAIN CHIEFTAIN. Drawing by Cora J. Gordon

neighbour in the back from behind a bush (in a blood feud), while a girl child, of any age, taking a bravo for a stroll was a far better protection than all his vaunted rifle, cartridge-belt and knife. We have heard a judge apologise almost humbly to a notorious assassin for condemning him to death. He asked us, later, to come to his house to see the fancy needlework he did in his spare time.

It is a country where, sometimes, to remain an avowed spinster is more honourable than to be a married woman, for in the northern mountains a sworn virgin is allowed all a man's privileges, except the one she cannot take, namely, that of growing a moustache, moustache-growing being a masculine pride and preoccupation, often cultivated with all the assiduity of a Chinaman growing his finger-nails, and with a similar exaggerated and involute effect. Here villages are often inhabited almost exclusively by women, the men being abroad, either in America or Turkey, earning the money that has paid for the magnificently built and decorated homes. Here, too, it would be an insult to the owner of a farm if you offered to pay for your bed, supper and breakfast, but if you didn't slip a sufficient sum into the waiting hand of the youngest married woman of the house it would be a swindle.

Religion sits lightly on most Albanians; the Muslim go to Christian festivals and the Christians to the Moslem. We have seen a Christian church built by a Moslem carpenter, in which he had mixed the Cross with the



CORNER OF CITADEL AND BRIDGE OF BERAT. The bulk of the Italian transport is no doubt using this bridge. Jan Gordon

Crescent, while there are, in the mountains, villages called "half-and-halves," in which both religions are professed at once, the villagers have Christian and Moslem names and keep both sets of holidays. It is a land in which messages shouted from man to man through the mountains in a secret code may beat the telegraph by many hours, where the nursemaid, going out to do her shopping, planks the baby, cradle and all, on her head

and then seems to forget all about it, where if you are a Conservative it is better that your partner should be a Liberal, and then at least one of you will probably be out of prison to carry on the business. It is a land in which there is usually nothing between the finest and most snaky modern roads that Italian military science could build, and sheer mule-tracks, that often edge their way along the brink of dangerous precipices.

And no doubt those fine roads have largely been responsible for the Italian *débâcle*. On the small map published in the everyday Press you can see practically every road



(Above) NURSEMAID MARKETING. Cora J. Gordon

(Left) THE OLD VENETIAN WALLS OF DURAZZO, RATHER DISTURBED BY EARTHQUAKES. Jan Gordon



that Albania has. Up these grand roads you can push tanks, heavy guns, lorries and supplies, but through the wild, treacherous, yet not inaccessible, mountains you can only progress with native-bred mules, intimate local knowledge, and a physique hardened to the rigours of the climate and food conditions. And the man who can possess the mountains possesses Albania. Hold the mountain-tops and such places as Premeti, strange village crouching under roofs of thick-slabb'd shale, built on the flanks of the steep Nemerka range, Klisura that lies at the bottom of a savage, precipitous gorge, the road to Berat, that crosses the Malakastra and the base of Tomori, and even the huge old Turkish citadel of Argyrocastro (in Albanian, Gjinocastro), become untenable, and have in consequence been evacuated.

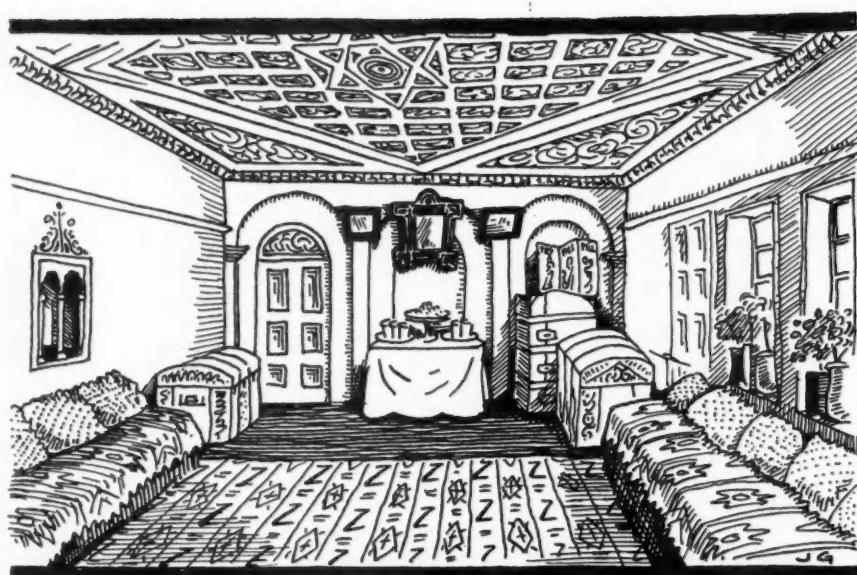
In fighting under such conditions habit and use constitute great advantages. The Albanians are presumed to be largely vestiges of the old pre-Greek Illyrian tribes. Though the Greek mountaineers are very different in race they have yet assimilated many of the local traits, a notable one of which is the contempt of fatigue and hunger. Often when we stayed the night at an Albanian mountain farm the supper, a goat that had to be specially



PREMETI, THE SHALE ROOFS. Cora J. Gordon



ARGYROCASTRO, MARKET PLACE, MOSQUE AND CORNER OF OLD TURKISH CITADEL. Cora J. Gordon



(Left) FAMILY ROOM, PREMETI DISTRICT. Notice the bride's trousseau chests and an American wardrobe trunk. Jan Gordon

brought from the mountains, dressed and cooked afterwards for us, would not be served up before midnight, although we had been all day in the saddle. No preliminary snack would be offered, and any sign of fatigue, hunger, or impatience had to be most carefully concealed. A mountain woman would think nothing of marching six days—three there, three back—possibly with baby and cradle strapped to her back, to the nearest market to sell a basket of eggs with which to buy salt. The mountain mules went farther, and climbed more, on less food than any other beasts we have travelled with. Men brought up on such traditions, facing Italians—many of the latter possibly from the plains and overwhelmed by a country in which even the dogs may be more dangerous to the stranger than are the wolves that still raid the herdsman's flocks—should have an incalculable superiority. It would seem that only sheer numbers, pure exhaustion, or the difficulties of lengthening lines of communication could halt the Greeks. When the plains are reached—they stretch a few miles inland from Valona all the way northwards to the Lake of Scutari—conditions will become different, the Italian mechanisms will play a more important rôle and may save the Italians from being pushed right out of the country.

Meanwhile the strange semi-medieval civilisation that has clung to this fiercely independent corner of the Balkans will be ground out of existence by the mill-stones of war. The fine carved and gilded houses of Argyrocastro and of the surrounding country are being burned or shattered by bomb and cannot be replaced. The unique, painted, half-underground church of Premeti has probably been ruined, the tribes and almost patriarchal communities will be scattered, and in Albania, as in the rest of the world, a new order will be born. Nevertheless, the destruction of this inimitable corner means to Europe the loss of something unique in contemporary manners and customs.

DIGGING FOR PLEASURE

By STEPHEN GWYNN

I DISLIKE "slogans"; I dislike the debasement of a word which called up gallant images; I detest the idea of attempting to lead people with a catch-cry, and am furious that anyone should think me capable of being led on any such string. So when friends ask, as they do, if I am digging for victory, my inclination is to be rude. For the truth is that, like a sensible man, I am digging for pleasure, finding it all the more because in the present condition of things it is a reasonable thing to dig: so reasonable that I don't need to stop and tell myself that on a cash basis I should be better employed writing. War knocks the traditional cash value away from many things: who can be sure, if I write another book, that anyone will want to publish it? But if my labour produces as many potatoes next year as will keep a family going, there is no sort of doubt they will be wanted.

Yet the essential fact is that I enjoy the labour. Nearly all men and a great many women like physical exertion, and it is called "being fond of exercise": a very undescriptive phrase unless they are that rare type which gets pleasure out of Swedish drill. I have indeed known a Swede who said that the perfect instrument of pleasure was a horizontal bar—which sounded almost sadistic; yet in truth he naturally enjoyed what the rest of us enjoy in any game of sport—his own dexterity. The pleasure lies in bringing your strength to bear in the right and lucky way; also, physical exertion which is enjoyed affects the nerves rather like a dose of alcohol.

Of course, in games there is the different excitement of competition; and very good fun it was when one played games. But, for half a lifetime now, I have very definitely preferred doing with my hands things which are generally classified as manual labour. Digging is the accepted symbol of such activities. "I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed." Well, thank goodness, I can dig, and pay myself in pride after a decent spell of work.

Alas and alas! the time has gone by when I could do a labouring man's day; two or three hours with a spade or digging-fork now is plenty; but at the end of it you look back on the work of your hands and it is good. A flower-bed is delightful and the garden where I work has its share of them; but I don't know that any sight is pleasanter than to look at clean brown earth, newly turned over and pleasantly loose in texture, where, before, all was trodden hard and disfigured with weeds.

That, of course, is only the routine, an ordinary duty accomplished. Something more comes in when it is a question of changing the whole character of a piece of ground; above all if it means creating order out of the unkept, and fertility from ugly barrenness. There was a good deal of that to be done in our garden, for the old Berkshire farmhouse had been split up among cottagers, and two patches by the house were out of cultivation. One was covered a foot deep with a pancake of clay, thrown there when a well was dug; and this had to be shifted by spade labour. I needed help then and got it, but when we reached the soil proper I took that in hand, and a deal of miscellaneous junk I got out of it—broken crockery, old pots and pans and such; but it was done in time for a crop of potatoes, and well they answered. Since then it has been a useful piece of vegetable garden with a fringe of flower border, and the other patch in its turn has come under potatoes with two or three young fruit trees planted among them.

They would have been there, war or no war; but this season, since I chose to be continuously in England, my ambitions turned to a corner of waste land just outside our gate, sloping down to a little pond. Who exactly owned it I was not clear; in practice it had served as a dump for refuse from the cottages, and over the humps and hollows produced by many barrow-loads of rubbish, nettles spread luxuriantly, with a very coarse grass competing. Down by the water was willow herb, decorative enough; but nettles are no pleasure to the eye, and twice a year I cut them, no one gainsaying me. This year I approached one of

the persons who have a claim on the patch, and said that I proposed to clean it and plant it as a war-time measure; so, having notified my intentions, I went to work.

In a great many places loads of weed had been thrown where nettles were already growing, and the result was a double layer of the tough yellow roots, one layer a spade's depth below the upper. But at the present moment about two-thirds of the space (say twenty yards square), where it was most uneven and unsightly, is levelled, dug good and proper, and planted with some scores of broccoli which stand up valiantly. It may be that rabbits will eat them, but they avoid the garden, just as accessible and no nearer the house, because, I suppose, the place smells too strongly of dogs—as it has every right to. Anyhow, even if I lose my winter greens, there will be as many potatoes raised next year on the patch, when it is all broken in, as will see this household through a good few months; and the work of my hands was a pleasure to begin and will be a pleasure to exploit and develop.

Our neighbour the dairyman looked over a gate and thought I had not gone deep enough; the weeds would come again. I said he was hard to please, for I had dug down a good twelve inches. He did not know how seriously I had been educated. Long ago, when I had a garden of the size that involves a whole-time gardener, one border had gone out of cultivation; I took it in hand to restore it, and dug

it over. Then came my gardener and said what I had done was no use; seedlings were left in, every one of which would come up; so I tackled it again. This time, I think with some surprise, he pronounced himself satisfied. "A labouring man would not have done it better," is exactly what he said; and when occasion has offered for the last five and thirty years, I have tried to live up to that commendation. At least, I can say I know how work should be done. A very old labourer comes in here now and then when there is more than I can tackle, and his work has a neatness and finish that I cannot approach; it is a pleasure to watch him, just as your serious amateur golfer enjoys watching his professional.

Digging is a simple movement or series of movements, but, like every other form of work, it has a rhythm to which you must learn to conform, or effort is wasted. It is not a fine art like mowing, nor is there so much variety as in the use of an axe; what is more, it calls upon muscles that are not much developed in the course of ordinary athletics and games. But give me a spade and a digging fork and a piece of ground to get ready for cultivation, and I shall make a decent job of it and shall get just as much enjoyment out of the exercise as my contemporaries do when they play their eighteen holes at golf. And at the back of my mind there is, I suppose, a small inner voice which says that instead of spending money I am earning, if not money, at least money's worth.



H. D. Keilar

WINTER IN KEW GARDENS

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THE HEAD OF THE CHESTNUT ARAB STALLION
JALEEL

Bred by Lady Wentworth at Crabbet Park, Sussex. Note the full and generous eye, the breadth of forehead, and the sharply cut ears

IT is not uncommon to hear people—even horsemen of some experience—say “Horses are stupid.” One might as well say men are stupid. Some are; some are not. Considering the slapdash way in which horses are treated—sent from pillar to post and from one man to another—the wonder is that they have any sense left at all. A child brought up to obey unexplained signals and contradictory methods of tuition might be excused for appearing stupid and nervous. A colt’s mouth is jolted and pulled; one man kicks him in the ribs to make him go on, and the next kicks him harder to keep himself from going off. It must be most confusing to be a horse! He has to discriminate between intentional and accidental indications. The two year old baby racehorse gets pitchforked into a yelling crowd, hustled and jostled, before he has ever learnt why he has got a weight on his back, and if he swerves from a thrashing he is called “ungenerous.” Could not some of the stupidity and ungenerosity be placed more justly on the shoulders of the biped than on those of the quadruped?

A man calls his horse stupid because he cannot understand why it acts as it does. The prophet Balaam was a case in point in regard to his ass, and many a horse might likewise ask: “Why strikest thou me?” However, it must be confessed that some horses occasionally pretend to see angels with flaming swords standing in the way when they have a comfortable stable in the opposite direction, and will make an absurd fuss over a bird flying out of a hedge after passing the most blood-curdling objects without turning a hair. They are always suspicious of things they cannot quite see, or of an unidentified rustle they cannot quite hear, when bangs, hoots, tractors, and even bombs leave them unmoved.

Horses have good memories, and after a lapse of many years will go straight to places where they have once lived. An Arab mare which had been sold from Crabbet Park as a yearling was, at the age of eight years, driven with a picnic party to the forest about four miles off. She was standing unattended for a few minutes when she suddenly threw up her head, started off across the heather, and when followed broke into a gallop. The loose reins about her heels and the rattling picnic crockery gave her panic, and she dashed away, making record time round several sharp turns and through several gateways, the picnic baskets and weekend luggage flying over hedges and into ponds as she sped along. She never slackened speed until she brought up in a rhododendron bush

CHARACTER IN HORSES

By LADY WENTWORTH

Have horses a sense of colour and a sense of beauty? Lady Wentworth is convinced that they have, and produces striking evidence in support of her argument. She recalls an Arab stallion who even seemed to recognise his own portrait. Many of the so-called vices of youngsters, she maintains, are due to faulty training, neglect, or physical discomfort, and especially to the state of the teeth

in the yard where she was born. She was a good harness mare, and dodged the traffic and the gate-posts with considerable skill, the carriage being unscratched on her arrival.

My mother once purchased a Welsh pony to drive, which betrayed the habits of its former owner by making a bee line for every public-house sign and obstinately refusing to be diverted from drawing up at the door. Many were the scenes and loud the laughter it created by anchoring my rabid teetotal governess opposite the bar, to her intense dismay and indignation. I do not know if it was the sign or the smell of beer which attracted the pony, but tradesmen’s ponies get to know the daily round and will stop at the various houses of their own accord.

I am sure horses have a sense of colour and also a sense of beauty, and some of them can recognise a picture of a horse as being a horse. To illustrate this, I have noticed that grey mares in a field often club together and neglect the other colours. A flaring colour in a dress will arouse their curiosity. I remember a lady with a brilliant yellow spotted dress making all the mares in a field gallop round and snort. As to beauty, the most remarkable case of this was when a very beautiful foal with showy white markings was turned out for the first time among the other mares. These with one accord deserted their own foals, chased the mother away, and had a battle royal for the possession of the foal in which the other

foals got roughly handled. Pandemonium reigned until the bone of contention was removed. Sometimes a barren mare will take possession of another mare’s foal.

The horse who recognised his portrait as that of a horse was the white Arab stallion Azrek, who, when shown a fair-sized picture of himself neighed, snorted, and struck at it. In this he was more intelligent than a Bedouin, who when shown the same picture, held it upside down and had no idea what it represented. This reminds me of an irrelevant but tragic case of a nomad who had never seen himself in a mirror until he saw himself in one at our house near Cairo. It gave him the shock of his life, and he exclaimed in horror:

“But I am an old man!”

Arab horses are proverbially the most naturally clever and adaptable of equine breeds. Their brain capacity is considerable, and they have something of a dog’s affinity with human folk. If only people would talk more to their horses they would soon discover how much a horse depends on human speech, and how carefully he listens. When breaking colts a man can soon make them understand the difference between “Left,” “Right,” “Whoa,” “Canter,” “Trot,” “Steady,” “Walk,” and so on. It only means constant repetition, accompanied at first by a demonstration as to what is required, and in order to fix his attention a man should be alone with the colt in a quiet spot where he will not be distracted from the work in hand. The famous Arab trotting mare Goldsmith Maid, who broke records in the last century and won much money, was highly temperamental, like most “stars,” and for some years refused to race at all unless her friend, a yellow cur dog, was somewhere in view: if he remained at home she just didn’t start. Her temper was fiendish—most un-Arabian—and no mortal man could make her race if she



A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG FOAL OUT OF A THOROUGHBRED MARE
The youngster shows plenty of bone, and looks likely to grow into a well-topped horse.
The shape and quality are there



THE CLASSIC ARABIAN STALLION IREX, BRED BY LADY WENTWORTH AT CRABBET PARK

A typical Arabian in every respect. Note the dish-face, typical elongated nostrils and the prick ears. The carriage of the tail is truly Arabian

didn't want to, and no mortal horse could live the pace with her if she did. She broke the world's record at the age of seventeen. At nineteen she again equalled it, and at twenty-two proceeded to have her first foal, and two more to follow. Her performances are recorded in my forthcoming book "The Authentic Arabian Horse," and may be found in full in an enchanting book called "Golden Hoofs," recently published in America. What a flyer she was, and what a dance she led everybody! One cannot help thinking she had a sense of humour. If I remember rightly she won half a million dollars for her distracted owners. But she made them earn their money by the sweat of their brows.

Generally, the so-called vices of youngsters are due to mismanagement, neglect, or physical discomfort, such as teething, indigestion and worms. Sudden fits of swerving, jibbing, rearing, flinging their heads about, or even bolting, are often due to the state of the teeth.

Horses are quite clever enough to "try it on"—a habit well known to grooms. One of my horses always had a game with anyone he thought was nervous, and came at them with his mouth wide open and his ears laid back, and, having put them to flight, evidently enjoyed the joke immensely, and was much disappointed and rather crestfallen if his assumed ferocity failed to alarm them. Yet he

would nuzzle his nose against the face of a little boy and never even give the stallion's customary playful nip. "Frightfulness" with little children was evidently not, in his opinion, equine cricket. Many horses who are normally as good as gold will "try it on" if ridden by a stranger, or when a stranger is present, knowing that they are immune from reprisals. They are exactly like children who want to show off before visitors, perfectly well aware that parental wrath will not take the form of summary, well deserved smacking *coram populo*. Sometimes it works the other way about, and a naturally impatient, intractable animal will carry a rask novice quite sedately, or allow itself when at grass to be caught like a lamb, after defying the efforts of half a dozen experts to lay a hand on it.

Some horses display an extraordinary cunning in dodging their pursuers. I once saw a horse jump right over the head of a groom who had cornered him. All the groom said was: "Blinking good job he didn't rap the top bar, sir." This same groom remarked: "You thinks you's got 'old of 'is 'ead and yer finds 'is 'eels in yer 'and."

In horses there is kicking and kicking. Fortunately, a horse seldom kicks full speed astern, as when he does he would fell an ox. For the most part it is mere "lifting," or a sharp reminder of what he could do if he tried,

which is very painful if he gets you on the knee. A really vicious, spiteful horse is the most dangerous of animals, for he can fight at both ends. A horse matched against a tiger in an Indian arena has been known to kill the tiger.

Character displays itself in the grazing fields, where one mare becomes "master" of the rest, who follow her lead and are her vassals. She heads the gallops and generally asserts her superiority. Here you find out the weak characters and the strong ones: some seem born bullies, and others destined to be chivied by all and sundry. Their characters too can be judged pretty accurately by the expression of their faces. The large, full, generous eye, a broad forehead, large, sensitive nostrils and sharply cut, alert ears, show an intelligent, willing nature. A narrow eye, thick ears and nostrils and a mean forehead indicate dullness of mind or bad temper, and should be avoided. Even an ugly head may have a benign expression, but a beautiful head seldom has an ugly nature. Reams could be written on the ways of horses—Rudyard Kipling understood them well—but I have said enough to show that the equine brain is not universally as dense as some people think. Remember—your horse is largely what you yourself make of him, so do not blame him too much if he behaves like an idiot. Maybe he is acting like the nomad's mirror, and reflects too faithfully!



M. G. Best

WELSH PONIES IN NATURAL SURROUNDINGS

These ponies are noted for their hardness under all conditions. They are exceptionally good in harness and perhaps of all our native breeds show the greatest amount of quality

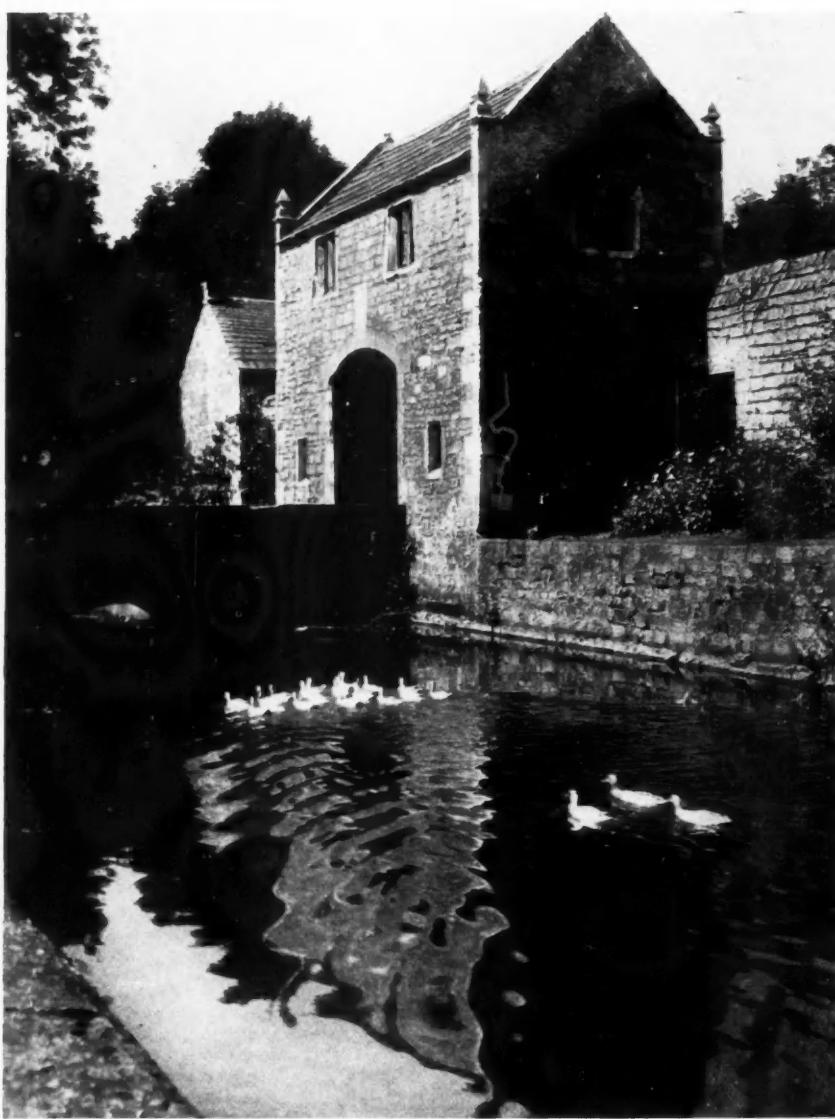
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1.—THE GATE-HOUSE FROM ACROSS THE MOAT

The battlements and upper windows of the Tudor addition to the hall are visible over the wall

MARKENFIELD HALL, YORKSHIRE



G. Bernard Wood

2.—“DUCKS SWAM IN THE MOAT OF CHAUCER'S KNIGHT'S HALL”

Copyright

Built by John de Markenfield, by licence dated 1310, and added to and adapted in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, this wonderfully little altered house is the most complete example of a country gentleman's home in Plantagenet days.

OFTEN in these weekly descriptions of old country houses some fragment of fourteenth century work, or mediæval traces in a later building, occasion the writer to conjecture its original appearance. As likely as not the reader is referred in amplification to Markenfield Hall, as one of the half-dozen or so specimens surviving from that epoch with tolerable completeness. To the antiquary these few authentic survivals in out-of-the-way corners of the country are keys enabling him to reconstruct almost any mutilated building of similar kind from a few fragments, and as such are reverently approached. But this venerable farmhouse three miles south of Ripon is no less appealing to the layman. With its moat and gatehouse, approached through spacious farm buildings, it presents not only a true picture of what a large proportion of country houses, since altered out of all recognition or even disappeared, must have been like five hundred years ago, but also an intrinsically pretty picture. No doubt ducks swam in the moat of Chaucer's Knight's hall just as they do in the Markenfield moat to this day, and the alabaster-helmeted figures with their ladies who, like John Markenfield in Ripon Minster, recline in many a village church, lived and died together, or took leave for Crecy or Agincourt or Towton, in just such a small but homely house. Flowered gardens, lordly trees, enclosed parks are embellishments by later generations: the squire or knight, in whose hall his tenants came to pay their rent at Michaelmas, lived much as a prosperous farmer is content to live to-day, with his house rising from byre and midden, his air enriched by scent of cows, his hose richly muddied by passage across his yard. It is as inexact to imagine everybody of consequence living in castles in the Middle Ages as to visualise them always in armour.

Such a condition of things seems to have gone



3.—IN THE COURTYARD. THE HALL BUILDING

The position of the original outside staircase to the hall on the first floor is indicated by the chevron to the left of the hall window

on much the same here from the time when John Markenfield was given "licence to crenellate" his house (that is, to build battlements, in other words to make it defensible) by Edward II in 1310, until the last Markenfield of Markenfield fled abroad for his part in the Rising of the North against Elizabeth in 1569. The family had always been of a conservative cast. Sir Thomas, who lies buried in Ripon Minster (Fig. 5), had espoused the cause of Henry Bolingbroke, "time honoured Lancaster's" son, against Richard II's dangerous innovations, as is testified by his tomb bearing Henry's device. It is said to

be the only effigy to do so. His grandson, "seneschal of Ripon," joined Sir John Conyers, his brother-in-law, in striking a blow for Henry's grandson, Henry VI, against Edward IV in 1469. In the next generation the "Ballad of Flodden" refers to

Sir Nyny Markenfyl
In armour cote of cunyng work

following Henry Clifford, Lord of Skipton, in the Yorkshire contingent. But his son and grandson paid dearly for their conservatism. They married into such families as the Askes and Nortons, who inclined to the old order

of things. Thomas Markenfield was attainted for following Robert Aske in the Pilgrimage of Grace in 1537; and it was his son who joined the Earl of Northumberland's northern rising and lost his home for it. Markenfield was given by the Queen to her friend Lord Chancellor Ellesmere.

It is doubtful whether the house was ever lived in again according to its deserts. That, no doubt, accounts for its miraculous preservation, combined with the fact that its later owners—both Lord Ellesmere, and another great lawyer who added it to his inherited estates two hundred years later, Fletcher



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4.—THE ELIZABETHAN GATE-HOUSE AND THE FARM BUILDINGS ACROSS THE MOAT
From the hall roof

Norton, created Lord Grantley of Markenfield in 1782—both took pains to preserve the ancient fabric. Lord Ellesmere built, or more probably re-built, the Elizabethan gate-house (Fig. 2), which faces squarely down the approach through the outer farmery. The grey gables and stone-tiled roofs (Fig. 4) of the farm buildings range in date from Markenfield's to much later times, for each generation has kept in order what became the property's chief value, its agricultural yield.

Not till the bridge is crossed—a solid structure replacing the old drawbridge—does the Markenfield building come into view, though a glimpse of battlements and a cone-capped tower is caught over the courtyard wall (Fig. 1). It consists of two wings at right angles (Fig. 3), one pierced by noble two-light transomed windows with a quatrefoil at their top, which light the great hall. On the other side are two similar windows flanking a chimney breast (Fig. 9) and overlooking a small space within the moat which was no doubt always the garden as it still is. The lean-to roof at the farther corner contains the "house of office," an excellent specimen of mediæval sanitation. The east side (Fig. 10) has the beautiful three-light window of the chapel, and to the right of it three tiers of flat-topped windows testify to alterations involving the insertion of a floor, perhaps in Sir Ninian's time (*circa* 1515), when the mediæval "solar" was subdivided for additional accommodation. The fact that the jambs of these windows have the same section as those of the hall windows suggests that the materials of fourteenth-century windows were re-used; hence that the solar originally had tall pointed windows like the hall. Of this later date also is the entire block south of the stair turret by the chapel (Fig. 3). It has the same flat-topped pairs of windows, which can be seen over the wall in Fig. 1.

Returning to the courtyard, the chevron seen to the left of the hall windows is the weather-moulding of a roof protecting the external staircase by which, as was customary, the hall was approached—through a door since walled up but faintly traceable in the masonry. Which leads us to consideration of Markenfield's great historical interest as a key-type in the evolution of the English house.

There were two distinct types of dwelling-house in Norman England, corresponding roughly to the two elements in the country—native and Norman. One, the native, was the single-storey aisled hall type, still represented by the familiar timber barn and cruck-

6.—PLANS

Showing the presumed condition before the alterations that introduced a second floor



5.—THE TOMB OF SIR THOMAS MARKENFIELD IN RIPPON MINSTER



built cottage; the other, of uncertain origin but certainly favoured by many, especially in towns, after the Conquest, set the hall on the first floor over an undercroft and in later examples attached a wing at right angles. Upper storeys in Saxon houses were not unknown, as is shown by the story of St. Dunstan's "miraculous" escape, due to his sitting above the cross-beam, when the floor of a room in which a meeting was being held collapsed. Nor were aisled halls at ground level by any means rejected by Norman builders, witness the well known Norman hall of Oakham Castle. One obvious factor affecting the type selected was the material (and workmen) available. The aisled hall was originally a timber conception, and tended to be perpetuated where timber was the principal material, not necessarily for the hall but for the adjacent buildings too. An upstairs hall, even if it could be built, was inconvenient if all the subsidiary rooms, being of timber, were at ground level. Where stone and masons were available, the two-storeyed house had definite advantages, not least of which was superior protection both from violence and fire. We may be sure, too, that fashion exerted its influence: as the early Norman motte castle (a mound surmounted by a stockade) was replaced by the stone donjon of several storeys, it would no doubt be considered more "up-to-date" to live upstairs even in a house. By the end of the twelfth century the houses of the wealthier townsfolk were of stone and of two storeys (for example, the so-called "Jews' houses" at Lincoln and Bury St. Edmunds). By 1300 it is probable that halls of the Markenfield type, which among surviving examples includes Little Wenham Hall in Suffolk, built of brick before 1286, and Old Soar, Plaxtol, Kent, *circa* 1300, were common among squires, knights, and the lesser baronage who had sufficient means but modest households. For persons with large households the ground-floor hall continued to be more practical and convenient. This may be the reason for the type's general disappearance after the end of the fourteenth century. Piers Plowman passionately laments the impoverishment of the smaller gentry by Edward III's French wars—the class who had most favoured the small two-storeyed house; while the social tendency throughout the fifteenth century was towards the ostentation and "maintenance" of larger households of retainers by the wealthy—a tendency which went far to produce the suicidal rivalry of the Wars of the Roses.



Markenfield, in continuous occupation as a farmhouse since about 1600, has little of original work to be seen within. But the main lines of the place are little changed. The ranges of office and stable buildings forming the quadrangle present for the most part a later appearance, though no doubt replacing or incorporating earlier buildings of similar purpose. In some, old material has been re-used, as is the case in the dwelling abutting on to the west end of the hall (Fig. 3), in which are a series of carved shields including the Markenfield bezants. Some features are due to restoration: most of the chimneys, and the narrow window to the left of the old entrance to the hall.

When it was built, Markenfield must have been an ample and unusually well built domicile for a knight. The hall occupied the whole first floor of the principal wing, with the kitchen below it. East, the hall adjoined the living and sleeping room, or solar, which rests on two vaulted chambers opening out of the kitchen, no doubt used as store-rooms. There was communication from these northwards into the ground floor of the "out-shot," which may have been added in the fifteenth century for use below, partly as a cellar and partly, through an outside door, as a latrine. Over it was a more commodious latrine, opening off the solar. South of the solar was the chapel, which had to be entered to get to the solar. Very likely there was a woodwork screen dividing its east end from this passageway, such as it must from the



8.—THE CHAPEL STAIRCASE AND THE HALL WINDOWS

first have been. The additional bedrooms south of the chapel added in the fifteenth century could only be reached by going through this "ante-chapel." The newel stair in the turret, with its original conical cap, leads up to the roof and down to the room

under the chapel, which may therefore have been the chaplain's quarters. As to the main entry to the hall, the absence of a drip-mould to the Gothic archway to the kitchen implies that it was protected by the hall stairs, which may have led up in a straight flight beneath a sloping ridge-roof, like the surviving ascent to the vanished Norman hall at Canterbury. Hudson Turner's plan, however, indicates the stairs as rising obliquely from the south-west, at the angle given by the wall of the curious projection at the base of the hall at this point. It contains an ingeniously placed latrine, and, if this hypothesis is correct, would have been concealed by the staircase. There is no sign of an internal stair from kitchen to hall, though there is room for a narrow one in the space west of the hall entry. In the plan reproduced from Hudson Turner's account of the hall prepared for the Archaeological Institution in 1874, the doorway is set at the west end of its wall. The state of the masonry, and the surviving chevron, suggest that it was more nearly over the kitchen door. Thus it is unlikely that the well nigh universal mediaeval arrangement of a screen across the hall to keep off the draught from the entry was adopted here; perhaps it had not by then been introduced.

The flat-topped mullioned windows of the kitchen and ground-floor rooms can scarcely be earlier than Tudor times; a building intended to be defensible would surely have had no more than arrow-slits



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9.—(Left) THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HALL. 10.—(Right) THE EAST SIDE ACROSS THE MOAT, AND THE CHAPEL WINDOW



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at that level. The kitchen (Fig. 7), prosperous and hospitable, preserves its great fireplace arch. From here a new staircase leads to the hall above, where the roof is not the old one, and the distempered walls, hung with portraits of late owners, conceal any historical clues.

There is not even a fireplace, though the breadth of the chimney breast strongly

suggests that there was one, though, of course, central hearths, with the smoke going out through a louvre in the roof, were still in use till long after, as at Penshurst (1340) and Eltham (1480).

It speaks much for the liveableness of this remarkable old house that, beyond the early Tudor addition already referred to, no major alteration was found necessary so long

as the Markenfields lived there. Fortunately, perhaps, for the student of house-history, it has also escaped "conversion," however careful, by the modern restorer. Such restoration as was carried out by Mr. J. R. Walbran for Lord Grantley in the nineteenth century was confined to the structure and was very conscientious for that date.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

A GOOD SOLDIER

A REVIEW BY BERNARD DARWIN

TWO recent books of memories have possessed the enhanced and sorrowful interest that their authors did not live to see them published, John Buchan's "Memory Holds the Door" and E. F. Benson's "Final Edition." To them must now be added a third, TIM HARINGTON LOOKS BACK (John Murray, 12s. 6d.), equally engaging, by the late General Sir Charles Harington, spoken of by thousands who did not know him—and it is a sure sign of affection—as "Tim" Harington. There is this obvious difference, that the first two are the work of skilful and experienced writers, while the third is by a man of action who modestly disclaims all literary skill. It is, in fact, artlessly written in the pleasant sense of the word. General Harington says: "I formed a habit of thinking first and then writing straight away and making no alteration. What I write I stand or fall by. Bad as it is I know that I should only make it worse by alteration, so I never alter anything. In all the operation orders which I wrote throughout the Great War, and in all the papers and reports which I have written ever since as D.C.I.G.S. in Turkey and Gibraltar, I cannot recollect making alterations." This may be an excellent plan in crises but hardly in literary composition, and if the General had given himself a little licence he would have cut out a few phrases, such as: "I shall always remember" and "I shall never forget," which come all too often. And yet perhaps it is all for the best, and adds to a very life-like picture of the author. He always remembers kindly, generously, and without rancour, and whatever he had altered he could not have made the reader like him better.

There is a transparent honesty about everything he writes. It once happened to the writer, and a most refreshing experience it was, to hear a Lord Mayor declare in the Mansion House that the greatest day in a man's life was that on which he was given his blue. It is equally refreshing to find an eminent soldier who roundly says "It was always one of my ambitions in life to make a '100 break, and I never accomplished it until I was Governor of Gibraltar." General Harington was not only devoted to games but a very good player of them, in particular cricket and rackets. He never ceased to love and encourage them, and was properly proud of founding the Army Sports Control Board. Games came breaking cheerfully through in the midst of graver matters. Though we all know that he was a soldier of the highest abilities, he tries to persuade us that when he was young he did no work at all because he played so much cricket. This was apparently the Sergeant-major's view, but his C.O. knew better and made him adjutant, and so did every other Colonel who had the chance. Some younger soldier reading this book might mistake cause and effect, and think that to be a keen cricketer is the only way to become distinguished in his profession. General Harington is certainly light-hearted over professional erudition. He quotes a man who was "ploughed" for getting his troops into a complete mess in some tactical exercise, and afterwards, in the real thing, got a V.C. "So much for exams," he comments, but to the layman the conclusion scarcely seems inevitable.

Probably the most absorbing part of the book for the student of history will be the General's account of the Chanak crisis and, in the Appendix, his despatch on the subject, never before published. To the ordinary



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF JULIA NEILSON AS CYNISCA IN "PYGMALION AND GALATEA"

(From "This for Remembrance")

reader surrounded by such tremendous happenings it may seem a little dim and far-away. Yet it is full of interest as showing how near we were then to war and how much of Turkey's loyal friendship to-day we may owe to General Harington's steadfastness and coolness. Here are a few words about his crucial meeting with Ismet Pasha: "I suddenly realized that agreement had been reached. I wired to General Marden, who got my message seventy-five minutes before he was going to open fire. I did not think of the telegrams in my pocket. I only thought that our nation did not want another war so soon. I was glad to have done something to avert it, it so very nearly happened. I was glad of the word 'J'accepte.'" It is sad after that to find the General saying, with a very rare tinge of bitterness, "My action, no doubt, ruined my career and deprived me of being C.I.G.S. and a Field-Marshal." He did not waver in his belief that he had done right, and, as time goes on, surely more and more people will agree with him.

He is invariably generous to his fellow-soldiers, but he has two particular heroes, Lord Plumer, to whom he was Chief of Staff with the Second Army in France, and Sir Henry Wilson, under whom he was D.C.I.G.S. at the War Office. There is something filial and touching in his feeling for Plumer, and he depicts affectionately his thoroughness and firmness, his solicitude for his men, his power of inspiring all who worked for him. Everything Plumer said seems wonderfully simple and direct, with its own flavour. Very rarely did the Chief of Staff disturb his chief at night, but once "I knocked on the Army Commander's door and told him 'Mines' says we must blow the Hill 60 mines to-night." The Army Commander replied "I won't have them blown. Good-night." Some years afterwards, when they met at Lord's, the General hoped that Harrow would do better. "Do you?" replied Plumer. "Well, I don't; I hope they are beaten in an innings by lunch-time on the first day." There is a pleasant all-of-a-piece ness about the portrait. For Sir Henry Wilson General Harington makes an almost impassioned appeal, begging that he be not judged harshly. "No more human or kinder-hearted man

ever lived, or one more loyal to his King and Country. Too quick a brain, too great a sense of humour, seeing something funny in everything which slower brains did not always understand, brought him enemies and jealousies." It is certainly one of the many endearing qualities of the author that he sticks up for his friends.

JULIA NEILSON'S LIFE-STORY

A book that will give the greatest pleasure to people old enough to remember the theatre of thirty years ago, and one which people of the younger generation who take a serious interest in the stage will be ill advised to miss, is *THIS FOR REMEMBRANCE* (Hurst and Blackett, 15s.). It is the reminiscences of Miss Julia Neilson, and to many of those who were young at the beginning of the century they will bring a little stir at the heart as they remember how beautiful she was in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" or "Henry of Navarre," with her lovely eyes and profile and the extraordinary, almost incandescent, purity of her complexion which the writer of a criticism, included in the book, describes as "a make-up so delicate and so transparent that all complexions beside hers seem dun." What we all, so many years older and hardened by the desperate experiences of our period, should make now of a Neilson-Terry production it is impossible to say, but romance has an unfailing appeal, and Fred Terry and Julia Neilson were always romantic and both, minor matters of mannerism or idiosyncrasy aside, fine actors worthily upholding the best traditions of their calling. The story of Miss Neilson's life is a very happy one, though her mother had a hard struggle during her daughter's childhood. After that, easy success was the young actress's portion, and an ideally happy marriage. The full-length portrait which she draws of Fred Terry is one of the most charming things in a charming book which shows, on page after page, a rare insight into character, into the art of acting and the business of the theatre, and a power of expressing much in a single phrase which must be a pleasant surprise even to many of Miss Neilson's many admirers.

AUTUMNAL TONE

Gone from Mr. Siegfried Sassoon are the scalding rages of youth; but not gone is the poet's power to see and to feel. In these *RHYMING RUMINATIONS* (Faber and Faber, 5s.) he proves it. They bear out his description of himself as he is to-day:

"I am that man who with a furrowing frown
Thinks harshly of the world—and corks it down."

"I am that man who loves to ride alone
When landscapes wear his mind's autumnal tone."

His poem, "A Prayer from 1936," makes one wonder all over again why politicians never listen to poets, to those who know that, to be absolved from this hell, we must attain:

Unto mechanized mastery over life.

With a flash, for the Nazis, of the old blistering irony, Mr. Sassoon invokes "The English Spirit":

"The ghosts of those who have wrought our English Past

Stand near us now in unimpassioned ranks
Till we have braved and broken and overcast
The cultural crusade of Teuton tanks."

And many a heart, through the grim nights, will be strengthened and gladdened to remember the poem "Silent Service":

"In every separate soul let courage shine—
A kneeling angel holding faith's front-line."

The author may write simply:

"I feel what all have felt and know what none
can say."

But he proves that he feels it, and convinces us that he knows it.

LIONS IN THE HOME

Other people's tastes are apt to seem extraordinary if you yourself do not share them, but the particular delight of Mr. and Mrs. Cleland Scott—which, as readers of COUNTRY LIFE know

from several articles and letters that have appeared in these pages, takes the form of domesticating lions—is likely to seem strange to the majority of the readers of LIONS ON TRUST (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), in which Mr. Scott tells the history of their pets. Save for the frontispiece, which shows the author enduring a rather alarming embrace from one of them, the pictures of the cubs at various ages sitting up to table, or licking Mrs. Scott's cheek as she sits on a sofa, or perched cat-like on a dressing-table, might lead the reader to think lion-petting a safe and pleasant pastime, but you have only to read the letterpress to realise how often only the greatest self-control and knowledge of lion character has saved their owners from serious injury. It is apparent that lions can develop affection for their owners and complete trust in them, but that, for various reasons, even the most domesticated and apparently affectionate creature may become a danger. It is difficult to imagine that any better book dealing with these animals from this particular angle will ever be written, and every student of wild animal life, whether or no they share the author's fancy for pet lions, will find it well worth reading for the light it throws on their habits and character.

SECRET SERVICE AND THE FRENCH COLLAPSE

The setting of Francis Beeding's ELEVEN WERE BRAVE (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 3d.) is Paris in the desperate days of May and June, an interval of Blitzkrieg in the front line, and the vital sessions of the French Government in the neighbourhood of Tours. Colonel Granby of the Intelligence and the narrator are engaged in the delicate (and dangerous) occupation of keeping the British Prime Minister cognisant of the defeatist elements in the French Cabinet and *Comité des Forges*. Their investigations centre upon the newspaper-owner and future Minister of Information, Vespasien Privet—a nasty piece of work—and the celebrated Maryse Bertrand, mistress apparently of many Cabinet Ministers, including Clementin, the indomitable but partyless Premier. Figurehead of the defeatists is the venerable Marshal Villebois, whom Maryse successfully inveigles (not unobserved) during dinner at a restaurant in the Bois. Privet's discovery that his intrigue has been detected leads to our friends being dogged and thwarted by fifth-columnists in most unexpected quarters and with frequently almost fatal results. Meanwhile events are inexorably taking their course. The flight from Paris begins, and we are given memorable pictures of those streaming roads, of the German advance guard entering the dead city (whence Granby and narrator escape by the skin of their teeth), and of the final conference at Briard between the Prime Ministers, in which Mr. Algernon Woodstock makes the appeal to France that we know so well. Unavailingly, the dossier that our friends have been at such pains to deliver is passed to Mr. Woodstock at the last moment. Only eleven Ministers support Clementin: a majority are for Laval, Privet and Villebois. It is giving nothing away to say that half of Francis Beeding (who is two gentlemen) writes from personal experience of much that he describes. It is a tribute to the skill with which fact is blended with fiction that the historic catastrophe overshadows the plot (exciting as it is), and that the real hero is Mr. Woodstock, to whose prototype, Mr. Churchill, this brilliant yarn is dedicated.

COLD COMFORT FARM AGAIN

Of the sixteen stories in Miss Stella Gibbons's new volume only one is in the manner of that audacious skit on the popular novel of rustic life which so many readers must gratefully remember as one of the funniest books of many seasons past. The other stories in CHRISTMAS AT COLD COMFORT FARM AND OTHER STORIES (Longmans, 8s.) are in Miss Gibbons's later manner, and some of them are outstanding, particularly "The Walled Garden," which describes the reactions of a country doctor and his wife to the incursion of a group of the tempestuous artist friends of her youth into their sunshiny calm. "Sisters," again, the story of a woman who confesses the secret of her own young love affair in order to comfort a village girl in disgrace and makes her own life unlivable by doing it, is another fine study of the impact of character on character. "Christmas at Cold Comfort Farm" is a riotous affair, describing the ghastly Yuletide preparations of the Starkadders, including a coffin-nail and a roll of plaster to go into the Christmas pudding. Mrs. Doom presides over a memorable Christmas dinner, and the only sad thing about it is that we are at Cold Comfort Farm for only fifteen pages.

POIROT THE INCORRUPTIBLE

Hercule Poirot, most human of all detectives, has never been more human than in his approach to the chair of his dentist, Mr. Morley; which scene ushers in Agatha Christie's account of his latest adventure, ONE TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

(Crime Club, 7s. 6d.). Yet he is as watchful as ever, even in the little act of gallantry which, although performed before the problem was well and truly posed, turned out to be so significant. Shortly after Poirot's visit, Mr. Morley is found dead in conditions strongly suggestive of suicide, especially when one of his morning's patients, a rich Greek, was found dead from an overdose of local anaesthetic. But as Poirot, and the reader, rightly suspect, there is more to the affair than just that. The other patients that morning were a faded spinster of good works, Poirot himself, Alistair Blunt, English financier Number One, and a lady from Worthing. Other prospects, as one might say, were Mr. Morley's secretary's young man, and a wild American Communist in love with Mr. Blunt's niece. A really good red herring is drawn across the trail by the murderer—and the author; but Poirot, unlike the reader, is never really deceived. The facts lead him inexorably to the murderer, who puts up a highly plausible case against his conviction, until it is exploded by the detective's incorruptible sense of justice, transcending all human values. Agatha Christie at her best.

A LIVELY STORY

Mr. George R. Birmingham is always to be trusted to give us a story that, even if it has elements of improbability, holds the reader's attention so completely that this scarcely seems to matter. In MISS MAITLAND'S SPY (Methuen, 8s.) he tells a very lively tale of two guests at a French hotel at the outbreak of war. One is Miss Maitland, the novelist, cudgelling her brains for a new idea, and the other a mysterious Mr. da Silva, whom she casts for the part of a spy. This leads to a great many complications, most amusingly told. Miss Maitland's publishers, Simpson and O'Donoghue, are an exceptionally entertaining pair, and the reader is quite glad that Mr. Birmingham somewhat impairs the shape of his story in order to tell us their war adventures as Home Guard and gunner on a trawler.

BOOKS EXPECTED

Early in the New Year Messrs. Methuen publish THE LAND OF ST. JOAN, by Owen Rutter. Mr. Morley Roberts is writing a book entitled THE BEHAVIOUR OF NATIONS, which Messrs. Dent are to publish in the spring.

Messrs. Gollancz provide quite a sheaf of books for the first week in January, including HOME GUARD FOR VICTORY, by Hugh Slater, and a new novel by Kylie Tennant, the author of "Foveaux," called THE BATTLES; besides these there is a detective story, TEN STAR CLUES, by E. R. Punshon.

BY-DAYS ON A ROUGH SHOOT

MR. JORROCKS, you remember, always "liked his bydays best." So, if I mistake not, do many shooting men, even such as can afford to pick and choose. There is a sameness about the "set piece" to which wild sport in a wild country makes a welcome change. And if there is one peculiar charm about pot-hunting on marsh and moor it comes of the knowledge that whatever you may find is here-to-day and gone to-morrow. You can never be quite certain what is going to get up next, or that nine out of every ten birds will not be as wild as hawks. But therein lies the fun. You may get more thrills from stalking what may best you every time than from such as more confidently get up at your feet.

I am thinking of a rough moor which is really rough. It lies in an amphitheatre of the Galway mountains and consists of reed and bulrush belts, interspersed with coarse grass and heavy scrub; here and there are great bog holes, hidden in the heather, which make going somewhat dangerous to strangers. I know no place where snipe are trickier. It is not that they themselves are in any way remarkable, but that as a rule you find yourself either just avoiding total immersion or else precariously climbing a gradient of pitch-black slime at the moment when two or three snipe twist in and out and round the turf stacks with which the place is dotted. They give you shots rather like woodcock which you see for a split second when you are walking in a very narrow ride in dense cover.

And there are only two beats—on the higher and less treacherous ground—which guns and beaters can walk safely and successfully: elsewhere it is impossible to keep any kind of line. Mostly, therefore, we drive the bogs; sometimes with kites, which, flown from the beating line, are pretty useful instruments when birds are wild. For they will usually lie under these artificial hawks so close as to allow drivers almost to kick them up and put them over somewhere in the right direction.

There was one ideal day when, in a good light and a gentle breeze, we started walking down-wind on the higher beat. Eight guns there were, and half a parish volunteered as drivers. And though, by all portents, birds ought to have been lying reasonably close, everything went wrong at first, due entirely to the fact that the ground was more water-logged than it looked, and the attacking forces, on too narrow a front, splashing through the ooze, made enough noise to wake the Seven Sleepers. The bog began to spring to life; every duck in the parish departed forthwith, likewise a lot of golden plover, and the snipe were getting up at forty yards.

So we halted and extended, thereby covering far too much country; and even so, the birds knew a trick worth two of that. They seemed to rise accommodately enough opposite the beaters and not the guns, simply because the latter were something like eighty to a hundred yards apart. We walked out that beat to the tune of a single mallard, seven snipe and a couple of plover, and I am prepared to swear that two guns and a dog going quietly backwards and forwards over a sixth of the ground we covered would have got double the bag. It is always true, when you are after snipe on water-logged ground, that too many cooks spoil the broth.

Four hours forward and back, heel-and-toe, on ground of this kind find out one's weak spot, and I, for one, was thankful to get into a butt preparatory to the last beat of that day. Just as non-cricketers can never understand the attraction of watching a match, so perhaps no outsider can appreciate the keenness of anticipation which the shooter experiences while waiting at a stand over which may come any or every kind of game.

Far away, golden plover, perhaps the fastest of all birds, were on the move, a large stand heading straight and high for the far end of the line. They carry very little shot, and half a dozen fell to four barrels.

The next half-hour was full of incident,

for one of the pleasantest features in driving a bog is that one can watch one's birds all the way. They come, duck, snipe, grouse, or whatever may be, in twos and threes or singly, but never in the unseemly flush which crowds all excitement into a few seconds of time. For perhaps ten minutes a high twisting snipe was the only object of my attention, and then the fun began. Two kites were hovering on even keels at either flank, and under them was concentrated every living creature in the bog.

Suddenly up got a grouse, and then the panic spread. Snipe twisted all ways at once; two or three bunches of teal came forward low and then swung out across the flanking guns. There must have been half a dozen species of game in the air at once, all animated by one insistent urge to dodge the menace overhead. As they shot away from it they climbed to a height that puzzled the professors. One, I recollect—a mallard—I watched for fully a quarter of a mile. He detached himself from among a wisp of snipe, and, gathering the speed of an express train, passed me at a height competing with the Eiffel Tower.

"Senseless," said reason, "to fire at all," but somehow in a flash the gun swung up by instinct—a clear miss with the right, but the full choke and No. 3 brought him crashing forty yards behind the line. A fluke, perhaps, yet one of those shots which linger in the memory and, despite advancing years and the tendency to an aldermanic figure, assist to keep one young in heart.

The sun had dipped behind the hills as we turned for home and laid out the bag at the door of the keeper's cottage. Four brace of grouse, nine couple of snipe, five mallard, six teal, a pochard, ten golden plover and some ground game is the record in my game-book. We have sometimes done better; on the other hand, we have often done a great deal worse. What matters most, perhaps, is that it was all great fun.

J. B. DROUGHT.

HOW A LONDON CAMP SCHOOL DISCOVERED THE COUNTRY

By A. E. CLARKE, Headmaster

Elmbridge Camp School, Cranleigh (Ilford Central School)

A mutual understanding of one another by Town and Country is one of the greatest needs of the immediate future, since it is only through informed public opinion that we can secure the controlled planning of town and country for the best use of the community.

As a first step to attain this, and in order to turn the evacuation of town schools to practical benefit, the 1940 Council (a body whose aims are described in our leading article) organised a competition for secondary schools for a survey of the neighbourhood in which they found themselves.

The first prize was won by Ilford Central School, evacuated to one of the new Camp Schools at Cranleigh, Surrey. The model and survey by the boys (aged eleven to fourteen) is so excellent, and the results achieved so valuable—both for future use by the school itself and as a step towards the larger object—that we have obtained permission to publish the Headmaster's delightful account of the undertaking, which he delivered as a paper to the 1940 Council.

OUR school camp lies just off the main road from, and about half way between, Guildford and Horsham. The village of Cranleigh is about a mile to the east of the camp.

The camp itself consists of cedar-wood buildings arranged to form three sides of a square. Facing the open side are twelve acres of playing-fields. Around and about the buildings are flower and vegetable gardens. Bounding the camp on one side is the disused Wey and Arun Canal. Farmland and parkland adjoin the camp, while in the distance can be seen Hascombe Hill to the west and Leith Hill to the east.

UNDERSTANDING ENVIRONMENT

I have always believed in environment as an important factor in education, and when I was given the opportunity of choosing a camp school I think I had in mind very much what prompted the 1940 Council to organise this competition. Elmbridge Camp School is ideally situated. Very soon we set about the task of making the boys conscious of this.

Making boys conscious of it—that was the problem. Although subconsciously we are all affected, I suppose, by our surroundings, boys seem blissfully unaware of anything outside the interest of the moment. If they are intent on a game they are oblivious of rain or sunshine. A village to them is a few houses and some fields. Pondering on this problem, I heard of the 1940 Council's competition. But

we were not a secondary school, and therefore were not eligible. However, I decided to apply for permission to enter. That permission was readily granted, and we set out to define the nature of our entry. We decided that we would attempt to find answers to a few simple questions about Cranleigh and neighbourhood; and we would set out the answers in the form of a large model and brightly coloured charts and diagrams.

But we knew nothing whatever about Cranleigh—beyond its name. Its name—rather a curious name! We would look into that. It had, we found, something to do with cranes. This led us to Vachery Pond, and, pursuing our enquiry, we found the old name of the village and how the Norman lords who found sport in hunting the cranes decided to rename it Crane-legh. This suggested a method, so we proceeded to frame our questions.

What is Cranleigh?

Where is it?

Why is it there?

Who are the people that live there, and why do they live there?

With these questions in mind boys were detailed to survey the village and the countryside in its vicinity. A questionnaire was drawn up to be submitted to as many people as were willing to suffer the inquisition.

The planning and directing of all this work was undertaken by two keen and able members of the staff. To them the success of the competition entry was largely due. Some of the facts that emerged in the early stages of the survey

appeared very obvious, but the process of discarding had not yet begun.

In the fields adjoining the camp were cattle and sheep grazing. In others, crops were growing. What were these crops? What became of them, and of the cattle and sheep? Subsidiary questions were constantly arising and were encouraged.

Few people seemed to work in the fields, yet there were many houses in Cranleigh. We counted them. If the people didn't work in the fields, what did they do? And this is where the questionnaire comes in. The boys distributed about eighty. About seventy were filled in and returned.

We took note of other buildings, the churches, the cottage hospital, the village hall. Some of the buildings were plainly of recent erection. Some just as plainly belonged to other times. Each of these latter had its story, and one story led to another. At Baynards we found the story of the eccentric Thomas Thurlow and the story of Sir Thomas More's head that can, I believe, still be heard on dark nights rolling down the stairs.

Books of reference were consulted, statistics of population supplied by the Clerk to the Rural District Council, whose title led to an enquiry into local Government. Local gentlemen, like the Rector and General Sir Alfred Bingley, came forward with more information and advice as to where and how to proceed further.

The enquiry into local industries revealed some interesting facts about the clay we carry on our boots into the dormitories. It had other uses. Brickworks were unusually numerous. We consulted geological maps, and a connection was established between soil and industry. Elliott's timber-yard and timber-lorries were familiar sights, so we examined the trees, made enquiries, and collected specimens. This collecting of specimens, making of notes and sketches, was going on all the time and in all directions.

So information accumulated. But, although this in itself was valuable training, the sorting-out and arranging added further to its value, while the building-up in bold, attractive form of the answers to our questions was the ever-present stimulus that kept boys keen and their interest alive.

Many times, of course, we lost our way in a maze of unrelated facts, and we found it necessary eventually to disregard anything that would detract from the unity of our plan. We wanted our "Cranleigh Room" to say: "This is Cranleigh—and this is what we think it means."

THE MODEL

I will briefly describe the entry as it was submitted to the adjudicators, with perhaps a hint or two at the difficulties we had to overcome.

The first difficulty was where to set up our model. We have no spare rooms. Lack of room is, in fact, our major grievance. Eventually we decided on a part of the Isolation Hospital, fortunately not in use. The entire floor space, except for a narrow path all round, was devoted to the scale model (ten feet to the mile) of the village and district. All the



ELMBRIDGE CAMP SCHOOL, CRANLEIGH
War-time quarters of Ilford Central School



AT WORK ON THE "GREAT MODEL" OF CRANLEIGH
"A train approaches Cranleigh Station in a most realistic manner"

prominent features—roads, railway, fields and woodland, hedgerows and houses—were accurately placed. As with the rest of the work, it was the method, rather than the result, that mattered, and as many boys as possible were encouraged to have a finger in the pie.

Close study of the Ordnance maps combined with careful survey work gave a reality to geography that, to many, it had never had before. It became a vital activity rather than just a school "subject."

The choice of material demanded some ingenuity. Finally, we decided on kitchen paper for the ground, pine twigs and pieces of coloured sponge for trees and hedgerows, and small rectangular blocks of wood for the buildings. Fields were specially surveyed for their crops, which were then marked out and appropriately tinted. It was interesting to watch the growing enthusiasm. Suggestions began to flow in. A plain wooden block to indicate position and relative size of buildings was not enough. The school workshop became thronged with boys and masters shaping railway bridges, the cottage hospital, Cranleigh School. The parish church began to take on a massive, mediæval appearance. A railway looks bare without a train, so a train must be built, and it now approaches Cranleigh Station in a most realistic manner. Even the timber-yard is now stacked with miniature trees.

The whole model is surrounded with a paper frieze portraying the distant landscape, the intention being to carry the observer's eye from the model towards the remote hills and woodland.

Along the whole length of one of the walls of this Cranleigh Room is an historical "Time Line" with cut-outs of typical incidents through the ages. At one end is a prehistoric marsh, at the other end stands a sentry in battle dress.

Above the Time Line on the same wall are charts showing analyses of the answers to the questionnaire. Alternately with these charts—and so that the wall shall not appear too austere—"economic"—are brief illustrated accounts of the parish church, Utworth Manor, etc.

On the next wall is a series of maps intended to explain the village in relation to the rural district, the county, the parish, and the Parliamentary constituency. Below these another chart makes a comparison between the housing position of 1840 and that of 1940. Also on this wall are charts indicating the dependence of the farming, timber and brick-making industries on the weald clay.

The third wall is devoted entirely to art. Here are drawings of places of historical interest done on the spot. With them are imaginative illustrations in colour, pencil, and pen and ink, of local scenes from the past.

A large diagram of a tree dominates the fourth wall, on which is also displayed diagrammatically and pictorially the economic as well as the scenic value of the local trees. Specimens of the wood of these trees, planed and polished in the school workshop, are arranged on a table against this wall. A small descriptive label tells something of the manner



THE MODEL OF CRANLEIGH AND NEIGHBOURHOOD
With one of the pageanteers in the role of Gulliver

of growth and economic value of each of the various woods. Large-scale drawings of some of the insect pests complete the story.

The Cranleigh Room, although the main part of our entry, was not the whole of it. A Pageant of Cranleigh served as a dramatic historical supplement, and as a special incentive to an interest in the development of a village community through the ages. Nine episodes of the Time Line were reproduced on the school stage, beginning with a party of Britons labouring under their Roman masters, building the road from Chiddingfold to their camp on Hascombe Hill. Saxon, mediæval, Tudor and Cromwellian episodes followed. The opening of the turnpike road from Guildford to Horsham in 1794 gave an opportunity to highwaymen for a hold-up at Jacob Ellery's obelisk, recently erected to commemorate the opening of the road. It also provided an opportunity for giving vent to stores of experience of gangster films. The actors enjoyed this scene; and so, I think, did the audience the next episode, depicting the antics of one Thomas Thurlow, the eccentric, of Baynards. With unaccountable optimism he anticipates the result of the local Parliamentary election by parading his band and his troop of cricketer volunteers. His optimism is not justified, and the celebrations ignominiously fade out.

Finally the story is brought up to date by two boys in a school dormitory discussing the Prime Minister's speech. They fall asleep in

spite of bursting bombs, and they dream of invasions. Characters from the various scenes assemble by the bed, each declaring in his own way that the spirit of the past lives in the present.

And so the pageant ends.

SOME RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENT

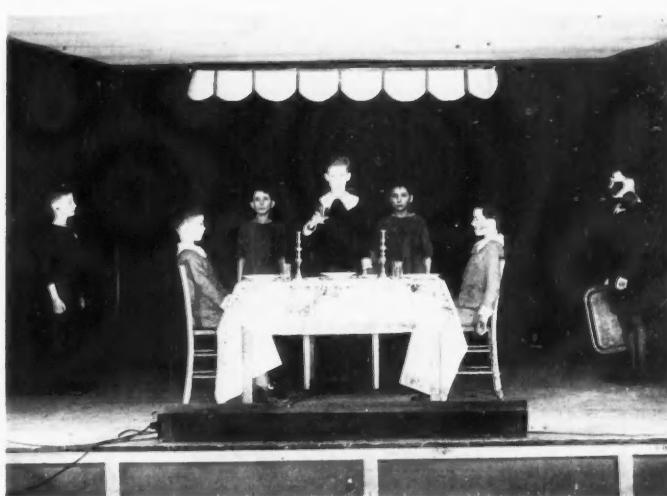
I have tried to give some idea of the nature of our competition entry, and I would like to add that not only has the work and the result given immense satisfaction to the school, but I feel we have made some small contribution towards indicating the purpose that a new kind of school can fulfil. In nine months of experiment I have satisfied myself that the camp schools will prove worth infinitely more than they will cost. Not only can they create a desire for a healthier and more satisfying environment than has often been thought good enough in the past; not only can they provide opportunities for a more liberal education; but they can lay the foundations of life-long habits of personal cleanliness, regular living, self-reliance and consideration for others that even the best of homes cannot wholly provide.

The 1940 Council is concerned with building the homes of the future. We are concerned with building the people fit to live in them. A combination and extension of these efforts would probably eliminate the slum-mind in a generation.



PAINTING THE TIME LINE

This is the historical chart on one wall of the model room with cut-outs of typical incidents



AN EPISODE IN THE PAGEANT OF CRANLEIGH
Sir Richard Onslow celebrates the granting of a charter to Cranleigh by Cromwell

FARMING NOTES

MAXIMUM OUTPUT—SUPPLY OF FERTILISERS—HILL FARMS—THE IMPORTANCE OF ARABLE SHEEP—WHEN TO PLOUGH—SURPLUS POTATOES FOR STOCK

EVERY farmer has to review his plans for next season in the light of the nation's urgent need for extra production. Mr. Hudson made this quite clear in his speech to the Farmers' Club. No one can be allowed to occupy agricultural land unless he is making good use of it and producing the maximum amount of food or as near to that as he can attain. It cannot be denied that there are some farmers who have been reluctant to change their ways and adapt their farming to the need for increased production. They have been loth to undertake fresh commitments which, if the war ended suddenly, might land them with a millstone round their necks. This is particularly true of those farmers who nearly went under in the sea of falling prices after the last war. They are not at all anxious to get into debt with the banks again. But this attitude cannot be tolerated to-day. We have got a stable level of prices linked to costs of production which should give a reasonable return to the efficient producer. Everyone will agree that there will be no extravagant profits on most farms, but these prices should provide a basis of confidence on which the ordinary farmer can expand

manure is the great standby, as the bullock-fattener of Norfolk well know. The winter feeding of cattle in yards or boxes is not an easy business in present conditions, and there is not likely to be any great increase in the amount of farmyard manure from this source. The dairy cow does not come into the same class as the fattening bullock, but the expansion of dairy farming does mean that large quantities of manure are available from the cowhouse. If this is looked after properly, which is not the case on all dairy farms, the farmer has a very useful source of fertility. All too often the droppings from the cowhouse are thrown out haphazard and not made up into a proper heap with plenty of straw to make really good manure for application later on to the arable land. At a time when artificial fertilisers are not too plentiful, it does behove every farmer to look after the natural manure which he has got on his own premises. However clever the scientist may be in compounding artificial fertilisers, there is no better basis of fertility than farmyard manure.

* * *

The hill farmers are to get a special

There is a strong case for revising the whole range of wool prices. The hill sheep farmer has been given this special subsidy, but it is no less important to ensure that the arable sheep farmer in England as well as in Scotland is enabled to carry on. Arable sheep perform a vitally important function in maintaining the fertility of thousands of acres of light land. Unless they are folded on roots of green crops to tread fertility into the soil once every four or five years, the heart goes out of the ground and the subsequent corn crops suffer. This type of land, which is found extensively in Dorset, Hampshire and Wiltshire, as well as in East Anglia and the Wolds, requires a base of animal humus. The fertiliser bag alone will not maintain fertility.

* * *

A good many farmers seem undecided whether to plough grassland now or wait until February or March and pop in a cover crop straight away. Strong, heavy land certainly needs ploughing early to gain the full advantage of winter frosts and weathering which break down the sod better than any harrow. On free-working soils spring ploughing gave excellent results last season, provided that drilling was not delayed until the furrow had dried out. In other words, drill on a fresh furrow with spring ploughing. But wireworm and other soil pests go down deeper during the winter months, and spring ploughing may not bring them up within reach of the birds. It is always a good plan to sow some extra seed, say an extra bushel to the acre, on spring-ploughed land, as an insurance against pest attack. Cross drilling is also a good practice.

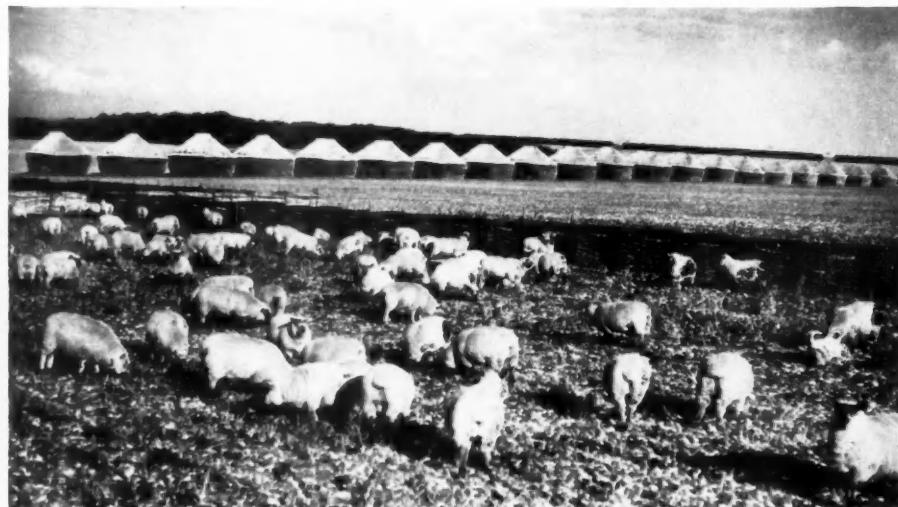
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The main concern of many farmers in getting more grassland ploughed is to grow crops which will come in useful for feeding to their cows and other livestock next winter. Oats are an easy crop to grow, and no doubt we shall see a further increase in the oat acreage in 1941. But oats do not provide a balanced ration. It is home-grown protein which most farms will lack. To meet this need beans, peas or tares are useful. A milking herd can be kept going on a mixture of oats and beans or oats and peas. Linseed is another crop which can be grown to provide home-grown protein. Linseed has the advantage of being immune to wireworm and so it is a useful crop to take on freshly broken grassland.

* * *

A neighbour of mine is hoping to get five tons of surplus potatoes for stock feeding through the Ministry of Food's scheme at 7s. a ton. They will be low-grade potatoes, he knows, and they will also be sprayed with a violet dye which, he has been assured, is harmless to animals. These potatoes should make a useful supplementary ration for his fattening pigs, and at 7s. a ton delivered to the nearest station they are not a dear food. Presumably the Ministry of Food is buying these potatoes in the areas where there is a big surplus and local consumption is not likely to catch up with the supply. Lincolnshire has been particularly hard hit by transport difficulties, and there are growers there who will be glad to sell their potatoes to the Ministry of Food. The price they are paid is the current minimum price for the particular grade of potato. The Government stands the loss between the two prices, and also, of course, bears the cost of transport. If the State does lose some money in this way, it will be a useful insurance. The provision of a market for surplus potatoes now is the best means of ensuring that farmers readily co-operate in growing a still greater acreage next year, when we may need a big additional tonnage of potatoes for human consumption. In the last war potato flour was used on a wide scale, and we may be glad next winter of all the potatoes we can grow.

CINCINNATUS.



FOLDED SHEEP THE BASIS OF ARABLE CROPPING PREPARATION—AND PROOF—ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS

his production. When the situation is explained to farmers individually and the points argued out, they generally agree that it is their duty to plough more land and put in more money to secure increased output. Many still remain to be converted, and the war agricultural committees have a big job in front of them if they are to secure anything like the maximum output from every farm for which they are responsible.

* * *

One essential matter in getting increased production is the fertility of the soil. Supplies of artificial fertilisers are limited, especially in the potash and phosphate range. There will not be enough basic slag to go round to meet all requirements, and many farmers who would like to slag grassland which they are going to plough or dress pastures which are to remain in grass will have to go without slag. More superphosphate is coming forward, and this, together with lime, will do as well as basic slag. Unfortunately, however, there is not a Government subsidy of 25 per cent. on superphosphate. The 50 per cent. subsidy on lime still continues, so the man who uses superphosphate and lime does not come off too badly compared with the man who can get delivery of basic slag. One thing is certain. There are ample supplies of sulphate of ammonia in the country, and many more fields will get a full top dressing of nitrogen in the coming spring, which will be all to the advantage of the nation and of the farmer.

In thinking of fertility, too many people are inclined to talk in terms of artificial fertilisers alone. Where it is available, farmyard

subsidy of 2s. 6d. for every breeding ewe, including shearling ewes or gimmers. Mr. Ernest Brown, the Secretary of State for Scotland, announced this in the House of Commons as a temporary measure to give immediate relief to a section of the farming community who have been going through very hard times. Mr. Brown himself has had to meet outspoken deputations from hill sheep farmers in Scotland, and he has evidently persuaded the Cabinet that special measures are required to enable them to remain in business and produce the only kind of food for which their hill grazings are suitable. The hill sheep farmer's trouble is of long standing. Over a period of years he has not been able to make a satisfactory income, and his position has been made worse by the ploughing up of many lowland pastures. The lowland farmer used to buy the hill lambs for finishing off, and also used to take the hill farmer's ewe lambs for wintering. In present conditions the hill farmer finds himself with a restricted market for the lambs he has to sell and higher charges for the ewe lambs he wants to winter in the lowlands. This subsidy of 2s. 6d. on his breeding stock does not go far to meet his financial troubles, but it is something in the way of immediate relief. Ultimately, and the sooner the better, prices for his wool, which is one of the main products of these hill sheep farmers, will have to be revised upwards. The mountain sheep did enjoy a specially increased price for wool last summer, but the return was not sufficient to meet the increased outgoings, especially the extra wages to the shepherd.

CORRESPONDENCE

FURTHER LETTERS FROM BRITISH OFFICERS— PRISONERS OF WAR AT OFLAG IXA

[We are enabled by the kindness of Mrs. Body to print a second photograph sent by her son, Lieut. J. A. Body, R.A., from Oflag IXA. It is now established that, in the large group printed in the issues of COUNTRY LIFE for October 5th and November 2nd, Lieut. Body is the fourth man from the right in the second row, previously supposed to be 2nd Lieut. John Fitz-Herbert, 8th Sherwood Foresters.—ED.]

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—My husband, 2nd Lieutenant Nigel Campbell, the Sherwood Foresters, has been a prisoner at Oflag IXA since early in May. In all letters he reiterates that he is extremely well. Here are some extracts: "We have a canteen, and get paid by the Germans about £3 every ten days in German money. If we do not spend it, it is put to our credit. . . . We have plenty of thrilling books, ping-pong, and bridge. There is also a garden one can work in. . . . We get limited supplies of beer and wine from the camp canteen, also such things as razor blades, pencils, etc. . . . The days here seem to be passing away as quickly and as happily as a prisoner could wish. . . . We have the most delicious omelettes made by English orderlies, who do everything for us, made of egg powder, and you would be surprised how good they are. . . . Every Saturday night we have concerts, really first rate, with a stage and all sorts of theatrical turns. Every Wednesday evening we have a lecture. . . . I have a good time here. . . . We have a camp tailor, a hairdresser comes from the village twice weekly. We have cold showers (optional!) daily, and hot showers every Saturday. . . .

I hope that this may interest the wives and relations of other prisoners at this camp.—PHILIPPA CAMPBELL, *The Castle, Tiverton, Devon.*

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In reference to the photograph of prisoners at Oflag IXA in COUNTRY LIFE of November 2nd, I think the second from the left, in the second row from the top, is my husband, Major W. M. Ponsonby, Royal Signals (he is holding a book). I am very much interested in the correspondence about the camp. I will furnish you with any news I get that will be of interest to other people.—CHRISTINE M. PONSONBY, *Ravensdene, Esplanade Road, Scarborough.*

A FAMOUS CLOTHIER

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Two independent, though indirect, allusions have been made in recent numbers of COUNTRY LIFE to Jack of Newbury, alias John Smallwood, alias John Winchcombe, the famous clothier in late medieval and Tudor times. As the best known of the early founders of the "factory system," Jack of Newbury is a figure in economic history, but is rarely met upon what may be called the social plane. One of your references occurred in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's delightful verses on Bucklebury avenue in which he described Queen Elizabeth riding "to see the Winchcombe of her day"—i.e., the son or grandson of Jack of Newbury, who in 1539–40 was granted lands which had belonged to Reading Abbey in Bucklebury and Thatcham. The other allusion was, of course *à propos* Sudeley Castle, where a portrait of the younger John Winchcombe is preserved, formerly at Lyegrove, near Chipping Sodbury.

Jack of Newbury was the subject of a largely legendary cult beginning apparently as early as 1507 through the medium of pedlars' chapbooks. As a popular hero—the "self-made man"—his legendary reputation thus precedes that of Dick Whittington. The chapbooks tell of his marrying his master's widow and thereby acquiring his fortune, of his leading 100 men to the Battle of Flodden, of his entertaining Henry VIII, and so on. The contemporary evidence, summarised in the Dictionary of National Biography, though very interesting, is not so picturesque. The picture now at Sudeley



ROYAL ARTILLERY PRISONERS OF WAR AT OFLAG IXA
Standing: Lieut. Clark, Lieut. Body, Major Feneley, 2nd Lieut. Fentiman, 2nd Lieut. Pepper
Sitting: 2nd Lieut. Hamilton, 2nd Lieut. Gowland, 2nd Lieut. Rose

was obviously acquired by the Dent brothers on the assumption that he was a Winchcombe man. There are entries in the Winchcombe parish registers circa 1540 referring to several persons named Smallwood. But there is evidence to suggest that the Newbury clothier was descended from a Simon de Winchcombe, a rich draper of Candlewick Street, London, Sheriff in 1379. On the other hand, unless he came from Winchcombe it is not clear why he took the name, for he describes himself in his will as "John Smalewode."

At Newbury, where he certainly was apprenticed, he made himself a pioneer of clothing manufacture through adopting the "factory" system, employing weavers on his own premises in place of the old method of farming out the wool to be worked up by weavers and other processors in their own homes. This early "capitalist," like his contemporary and competitor Thomas Spring of Lavenham, contributed largely to the re-building of the church in which he was buried in 1520.

His son, the subject of the Sudeley portrait, carried on the business, but also went to Parliament, held appointments at Court, and was granted a coat of arms, also the estates in Berkshire which remained with his descendants until a Winchcombe heiress took them in 1700 to Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

The Sudeley portrait, which is regarded as a copy of one of the two other versions, is dated 1550, and is thus too late for Holbein (to whom it used to be ascribed) and too early for Antonio More. The frame is inscribed above, "In respect

of things eternal this is yeare vayne & mortill," and below, "Spende well thi mortal lief therefore that thou maist live for evermore."—CURIUS CROWE.

THE RE-BUILDING OF COVENTRY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The article on re-building Coventry in your issue of December 14th makes me wonder whether in this instance we—the general public—should not pray to be saved from our would-be friends. The picture you publish of proposed terrace houses in concrete must be very discouraging to anyone who really understands what is needed in England. Terrace houses set in communal gardens have very little more to recommend them than flats have, and flats are wholly unsuited to the best type of family life or to the spirit of our people. They may do well enough for elderly folks, childless couples, women engaged in some occupation outside the home, and *dilettante* persons who fill their days with making plans for the so-called welfare of classes whose

outlook they have not even begun to understand; but for families flats cut at the very roots of real home life. A communal playground for children in districts where there are no parks and where family gardens are small has something to be said for it, but nothing can take the place with the average Englishman and Englishwoman of a home, however small, and plot of ground of their own. Mr. D. E. Gibson refers to the "disordered appearance of many front gardens"—meaning, I take it, by disordered, not neglected but diversified; he overlooks the fact that these are the small gardener's special pride, what an exhibition is to a painter; in the interests of "plan" he would do away with individuality, and surely it is for individuality, for the freedom to be oneself, that we are fighting, and because our people have never become the robot servants of any plan that we shall win. The eagerness with which our people have seized on the chance of more allotments should hint to our town-planners that they are making a mistake in designing these gardenless houses, in this instance without even an attractive appearance to recommend them.—B. COURTEEN.

[The question to be decided by our correspondent is whether the country is to continue to be eaten up by amorphously laid out suburbs of jerry-designed family dwellings, or some effort is to be made at substituting some order for the chaos of the last twenty years. If so, we have a great tradition to our hand in the terrace type of lay-out of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when freedom was not regarded as incompatible with some degree of neighbourliness and communal life. The result was towns set in country; so far we have produced a bastard growth which is neither. Mr. Gibson's use of concrete at Coventry is due to the war-time restrictions on the use of brick and timber for building.—ED.]

FROM SOUTHERN RHODESIA

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Two little labels, of which I send you one, reached me just before Christmas, pasted on the envelopes of letters from Southern Rhodesia. I do not know whether they were affixed by the Rhodesian



JACK OF NEWBURY'S SON: THE SUDELEY PORTRAIT



RHODESIA THANKS THE NAVY, PRINTED ON WHITE IN RED AND BLUE

Post Office or by my correspondents, but it touched me deeply to see our splendid Navy so courteously thanked by this distant daughter of the Commonwealth. The gesture seemed to me to reflect the greatest credit on them both.—B. E. S.

"HELL FOR LEATHER"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In answer to your query in COUNTRY LIFE, I remember being told years ago that "Hell for leather" is a corruption for *Heil für Laufer* (Save the runner). In the Middle Ages the practice of fleeing for sanctuary gave rise in Germany to this password for fugitives.—A. V. BIGGS, Isle of Skye.

TAME SHEARWATERS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Not long ago, a specimen of the Manx shearwater was brought to me. It had been picked up on a main road of a town fully fifty miles from the nearest estuary, and was exhausted; but when it had recovered and had devoured a small amount of fish, I took it to a river and watched it swim away. Some few days later, another bird of the same species was brought to my home, having been found several miles distant from the spot where the first one was picked up. It suffered from an injured wing. I put this bird where it would be free from molestation, and hoped for the best. These shearwaters had come inland during a period when severe gales were raging.

The second visitor from the sea soon became confiding, and would take pieces of fish, earth-worms and other edible titbits from my fingers. Placed in a large bath filled with water, it paddled to and fro, and displayed great skill in capturing

with its long, sharp bill at the cat's paws. The cat fled. I put a floating island of wood, covered with bark, on the water; but the bird seldom came ashore. On land, its movements were decidedly awkward.

This shearwater lived for four days. On the morning of the fifth day, it was found lying, dead, on the island. Perhaps it had longed for the tang of the waves and the freedom of the open spaces; but I had not cared to expose it to the mercy of the world while suffering from a damaged wing.—CLIFFORD W. GREATOREX.

[Shearwaters, which normally feed on minute ocean life, are notoriously difficult to deal with, and we think our correspondent did well to induce this storm-driven waif to take food, even if his efforts were unavailing.—ED.]

"PAYING ON THE NAIL"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—No doubt most of your readers have used the curious expression "to pay on the nail" many times, but I wonder if it has occurred to them to delve into the origin of this saying.

It is, of course, a universally understood description of a cash transaction; age-old, for its origin can be traced back to the Saxon invasion over a thousand years ago, when the invaders instituted laws in Britain for the regulation of bartering. They decreed that the money of every transaction should be laid publicly on a Tome Stone or "Nail," erected in the Exchange.

The resemblance of these pedestals to the common nail is obvious—hence the time-honoured expression "to pay on the nail."

Unfortunately, very few "nails" remain, for words are more durable than stone or even metal. However, at Bristol there are four in a row—or were within recent months—on the pavement outside the Exchange, while another may still be seen at Barnstaple.

They were erected in 1630 and 1633 respectively, but in both instances they were set up to replace earlier specimens which became worn by constant usage.—EDWARD S. BAKER.

A QUEEN ANNE MEETING-HOUSE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—You have recently published photographs of three Georgian churches in Somerset, and I think your readers may be interested in this eighteenth-century meeting-house in the same neighbourhood. It is the Rook Lane Congregational Chapel at Frome, and bears the date 1707 in its far-spreading pediment, which covers five of the seven round-headed windows that fill the façade. The building is an interesting example of provincial classic, reflecting in its detail—the keystones and shouldered architraves to the windows, for instance—some of the mannerisms of Vanbrugh, Archer and their school. It is too early to be by the local



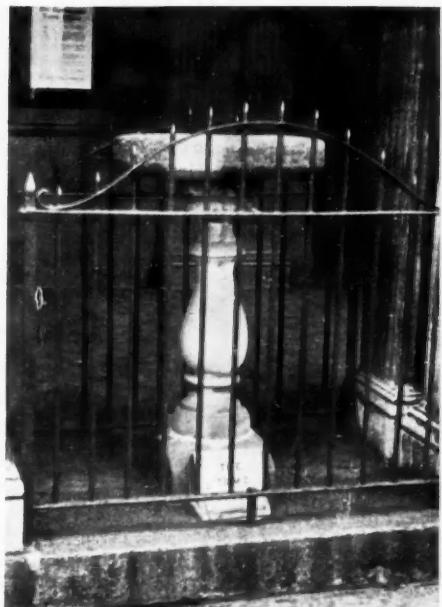
ONE OF THE BRISTOL NAILS

some minnows liberated in the bath by a friend. They were seized and swallowed with remarkable alacrity. One of my cats approached the shearwater, standing with his paws on the edge of the bath. The bird uttered a sharp note, expressible by the syllables "kark-a-kark!" and struck out



ROOK LANE CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL AT FROME, 1707

architect, Nathaniel Ireson of Wincanton, about whom an interesting article appeared in COUNTRY LIFE not long ago, but some of the earlier buildings at Bath show similar characteristics.—F. R. W.



THE BARNSTAPLE NAIL

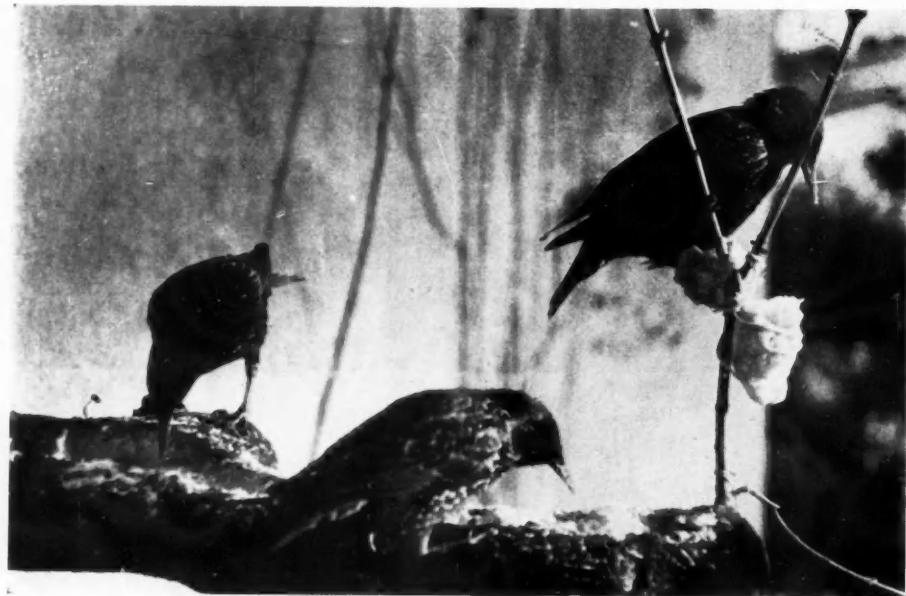
PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS IN WINTER THROUGH THE WINDOW

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Photographing birds through a window pane is a fascinating hobby. Especially for invalids and convalescents, who are kept indoors, it will turn many weary hours into happy ones. It is also a game of real skill, and can be played while sitting comfortably in a snug room.

A bird-table placed close to the window, or even a board on the window sill raised high enough to get a clear view, is all that is needed to scatter food on. Hanging coconuts or pieces of suet on strings will also bring many willing visitors—some will become almost tame, coming every day. One or two twigs fastened to the board or table will serve as perches, and help to make the picture more attractive.

For this kind of work it is advisable to use a camera with a good lens and wide aperture—not less than about F4.5—that will focus to about four feet, otherwise the birds will look too small. At full aperture and with a speedy film, an exposure of about one-thirtieth of a second will be sufficient in a good light. The camera should be placed on a firm stand and sharply focused ready to snap. It is important to see that backgrounds and reflections on the glass do not spoil the picture. When photographing birds on a table a few feet from the window the camera should be close to the glass; but there is no need to black-out the whole window to hide oneself. A casement curtain across the lower half is sufficient, and one can then sit close up without frightening the birds. It requires some little experience to snap at the right moment. Some birds, such as tits and starlings, are constantly jerking themselves about, and it is difficult to get a snap that will not show movement. All this adds to the fascination of the game. One good snap will repay a lot of bad ones.—W. B. REDMAYNE.



A CHRISTMAS PARTY AT THE WINDOW BIRD-TABLE

THE SECRET

IT always refreshes the spirits and revives the belief in human nature to come across someone who declares that he knows *the secret* of hitting a golf ball. These cheerful and cheering persons are to be found as a rule in the ranks of the late beginners, learned in text-books, rather than among those who were teetethed on a club and absorbed the game naturally and unconsciously into their infant systems.

Generally, moreover, their theory is better than their practice. It is all the more exciting, therefore, to hear from one who was and is still a very good golfer indeed and who is the happy victim of this blissful delusion. He is a very old friend of mine, nearly as old as I am, and he has always had one of the very soundest and most graceful of all swings, so that to see him even now hit the ball is not merely a sentimental pleasure but a lesson to anyone. Well, he tells me that there is only one secret, and his words are at least deserving of all possible respect.

It happened that I had written elsewhere of the importance, especially to the old and the stiff, of taking the club back far enough and not coming down long before it has had time to get up. Thereupon I received my friend's letter. He was surprised, he said, that with my experience I did not know that "the whole secret of golf is the pause at the top of the swing." This statement he proceeded to amplify thus: "If you will take my tip and say 'One' at the top of your swing, you will find that your club will have then gone back as far as your poor stiffened muscles will possibly allow, and you can hit down as hard as you like. 'Pressing,' to my mind, is not so much the quick swing back as the start to hit down before your club has got back and so enabled you to get a proper balance. This the pause will do away with."

That, if I may say so with respect, is well and simply said, and I answered his letter both humbly and gratefully. I was not unaware, I assured him, of the merits of that pause.

Indeed, I have in past times been delightfully conscious of it on red-letter driving days, when all I had, for what it was worth, seemed to be going into the shot. But it has always seemed to me the very deuce and all to induce that pause by taking thought. It is such an instantaneous and intangible thing that it is hard to come by artificially. If one tries one is apt to

*A Golf Commentary by
BERNARD DARWIN*

pause too definitely and too long, whereupon all that horribly important quality, rhythm, departs from the swing. This is not to say that one ought not to try. I am sure one ought, and doubtless when my latest new dodge breaks down I shall try, as I often have before. I only say, of my own little experience, that it is not so easy as to my gifted friend it appears.

This imperceptible pause is the mark of all good swingers, in that they all seem to have, so to speak, plenty of time to spare at the top of the swing. With some it is more easily perceptible than with others. I am sorry that I never saw David Brown, whose name will be unknown to most golfers of to-day. He won the Open Championship in 1886, when he was a slater at Musselburgh rather than a regular professional as he afterwards became. He later went to America, where, I think, he died not very many years ago. All the critics, as I recollect, used to comment on the fact that a rather casual and straggling up-swing was put to rights by a noticeable pause before he came down again. In his case it was a beneficent provision of nature rather than an artificially acquired virtue, or at least so I should imagine; in any case he was a very good player. To take a more modern example, anyone who watches James Braid play must

remark this pause, not so much in his full shots as in his half-iron shots. I am exiled from my books, but I feel pretty sure that in "Advanced Golf" he lays particular stress on pausing with iron clubs. When he used to play—still plays—those tremendously powerful half-shots he appeared to have all the time in the world at his disposal before he came down on the ball with a mighty thump. For ordinary people the temptation to come down too soon is the greater in half-shots because the club does not come to so natural a stopping-place as it does in full shots, or so at least I venture to assert. Massy was another player in whom the pause was noticeable, because it was at the top of his swing that he indulged in what was called his "twiddley bit." Doubtless equally good examples could be given from among the host of fine swingers of to-day.

To return to my friend and his simple faith, I am ready to admit that he practises what he preaches. As I write I can see him with perfect clearness, in my mind's eye, swinging his club, and have been able to do so since we first played together on some superlatively muddy meadows on the banks of the Thames. I can remember his father saying: "When I can make H keep that great body of his still—" and that was, I think, rather a harsh paternal judgment, because he has always, so far as I know, possessed this virtue of steadiness and stillness. Anyhow, he possesses it now, though I never knew the secret of it until he, in the manner of a happy reporter, "revealed" it. Now I pass it on to those in whose withered bosoms hope springs eternal as it does in mine, who are always ready to believe in new secrets and are at the moment somewhat starved of them owing to the paucity of golfing literature. This is at least thoroughly sound advice. It seems to me, by the way, that "One" takes rather too long to say at the top of the swing. I should like to say only a half or a quarter, but then those, owing to the intractable nature of our language, would take longer still.

SIRES OF THE SEASON SOME SUCCESSFUL STALLIONS

IN recent articles the leading participants, both human and equine, in what there was of a racing season this year have been dealt with in a generalised way; now, with plans for matings in the process of arrangement and the breeding season not far distant, it will be both interesting and informative to consider the more prominent stallions in further detail.

Very often the head of the list of the sires of winners and the leading horses in that list—the order in which is based on the amount of stakes won—owe their position mainly, if not entirely, to the classic success, or successes, of a single member of their progeny. In the present instance this does not apply to Lord Derby's young horse Hyperion, who tops the table, as, though Godiva put the New One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks Trial Plate and the New Oaks to his credit and was responsible for a large proportion of the stake-money won by his offspring, he sired nineteen other winners of a further twenty-two races, so, without taking stakes into account, proving himself to be without a doubt the best sire of the season, and rather an extraordinary one at that, as his eldest get are now but four year olds. Following him, and in marked contrast, comes the Aga Khan's triple-crown winner Bahram, with five winners of six races to his name, while the third and fifth positions are filled by Barneveldt and Tourbillon, who owe their places, respectively, to their Derby and Two Thousand Guineas winning sons Pont l'Evêque and Djebel. Between these two there is, however, Fair Trial, a young eight year

old horse who not only deserves but demands deeper attention. To read the story of this young stallion as it should be read, it is necessary to cast backwards to the Doncaster Yearling Auction of 1920 when, from among the contingent of youngsters catalogued by the Sledmere Stud, a neat, compact bay filly by Son-in-Law from Lady Josephine, she by Sundridge, was sold to Mr. Joseph Watson, later to become Lord Manton, for 3,000gs. A valuable filly this as fillies went in those days, she carried her buyer's colours to victory in the Jockey Club Stakes and two other races of, in all, £8,057, under the name of Lady Juror, and at her owner's death, which followed upon an accident in the hunting-field, was catalogued at

the December Sales of 1923, and—partly on account of the meteoric successes of her half-sister Mumtaz Mahal, who won five races of £11,763 that season—created a deal of competition before eventually falling to the late Lord Dewar's bid of 8,600gs. This figure, though 400gs. less than that which Sir Alec Black gave for Singapore's dam Tetrabazzia at the same sale, was a big price for a brood mare, but Lord Dewar was a good judge of bloodstock, and his judgment was vindicated when, after having a colt foal by Lemonora, Lady Juror produced Jurisdiction (£4,633), The Black Abbot (£1,897), The Recorder (£5,307), Riot (£4,612), Fair Trial (£5,100), Sansonnet (£2,875) and Giftlaw (£1,039).

Here Fair Trial is of most interest. Bred, like so many good horses in recent years, with the idea of combining Cyllene blood with that of Son-in-Law, he was, as his figures suggest, a good racehorse, and now has made a name for himself as a sire by getting eight winners of twenty-four races from among the first crop of seventeen foals that he was responsible for in 1938. Such a result speaks for itself and needs no gilding; the hope is that he will transmit more stamina to his offspring than that usually associated with the names of his sire Fairway and his grandsire Phalaris; his Son-in-Law blood should assure this.

Mention has been made of Djebel's sire Tourbillon, whose whereabouts, like those of his son, are at the moment unknown, and after him there come in succession Gold Bridge, Apron, and Felicitation. Registered, according to official requirements, as being by



NOBLE STAR
ONE OF THE SEASON'S MOST SUCCESSFUL SIRES

either Swynford or Golden Boss, the first named, who could not without the aid of the miraculous have been by Swynford, so must of necessity be by Golden Boss, was essentially a short-distance runner and is the sire of stock of the same calibre with, during the past season, nine winners of fourteen races to his credit. Hard to associate with a classic winner, Gold Bridge, who stands at Major Beatty's Phantom House Stud in Newmarket, is, nevertheless, a very distinct asset at the present time, as, like that of most sprinting sires, his stock matures early and win races as youngsters. Nowadays the majority of owners would rather possess a filly like Gold Bridge's daughter Gold Lily than a possible classic aspirant for a problematical Oaks; just now, and for a short time it is to be hoped, *festina lente* sentiments are not popular in connection with racehorses.

The position of Apron in the list is enigmatical and becomes the more so when it is

realised that, if stake-money is left out of account and superiority judged entirely on performances, this twenty year old horse of Mr. Frank Tuthill's, who has spent the last fifteen years of his life as a stallion and prior to that won but one race of £987, would, with sixteen winners of twenty-five races to his credit, rank second only to Hyperion as the most successful sire of the season. Bred by Sir Abe Bailey and sold to Mr. Tuthill as a four year old for £1000, he has proved himself a worthy son of his sire Son-in-Law, who celebrates his thirtieth birthday on April 22nd next and must ever be regarded as one of the grandest old horses in the history of the Turf.

For a comparative newcomer, with but two crops of runners to represent him, Felicitation, who claims Colorado as his sire and is from a three-parts sister to the Cesarewitch winner Bracket, has done well with four winners

of ten races, and others that had a satisfactory season and whose names should be borne in mind as prospective mates are the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby winner Cameronian, the sire of ten winners of eleven races; that prolific winner-producer Bold Archer, who is responsible for nine winners of thirteen events; Sir Cosmo, with eight winners of thirteen events to his credit; the dual Ascot Gold Cup winner Trimdon, a son of Son-in-Law and sire of seven successful runners with twelve brackets between them; Noble Star, who has seven winners of ten events to his name and is rapidly booking up for next season; and Coup de Lion and Knight of the Garter, who are by Winalot (Son-in-Law) and Son-in-Law and have, respectively, sired six winners of eleven races and eight winners of thirteen races.

At that, for the moment, the subject may be left, to be returned to as opportunity occurs.

ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET REALTY THE BEST SECURITY

RENEWED and remarkable proof has been given, in the unprecedented year now closing, of the stability of real estate. When other types of investment were either declining in actual value or at the best merely maintaining it in a slow and hesitant market, real estate has been in keen request, with some classes of property showing a strong upward movement. Of course, the conditions (as regards urban freeholds, specially subject to enemy action) have been most trying, too many shops, theatres and factories, to say nothing of houses, have disappeared, leaving the owners for the moment with nothing more than site value for eventual re-development, but land as such, and most notably agricultural land, has held its own, notwithstanding the special difficulties arising from requisitioning of property, the occasional impairment of means of communication, and the closing to all but vital traffic of extensive areas along the coast and elsewhere.

Owners of property that yielded even a small secure income have held on to it most resolutely, the trifling rate of interest obtainable on any possible reinvestment of the capital, if they sold, proving an effectual deterrent to any idea of realisation. Thus there have been but few willing vendors in the market all this year, and such property as has been offered has not been too easy to deal with, because of the trouble involved on the part of would-be buyers in getting to it for the purpose of inspection and valuation and, lately, the delay in postal and telephonic communication. "Strike while the iron is hot" is a sound rule in transactions relating to real estate, and the iron has had too much time to get very cold, seeing that it has been tenfold more difficult to meet agents and owners, and to view and so forth, than in any ordinary year. Another obstacle to business this year has been the absence on active service of so many principals of businesses and so many of their staffs; and delays have arisen also from the fact that insurance companies and other concerns, with which dealings in property have to be discussed, have been compelled to transfer their work from London to more or less remote rural districts. In short, everything has operated against easy and expeditious dealings, and that the market can at the close of this year show such results as it does is a welcome and memorable proof of the vitality of the real estate system of this country.

THE EFFECT OF INSURANCE

FROM the outset of the year there were widespread complaints that the absence of any sort of State insurance against enemy activity was exercising a paralysing influence on property. At times such complaints seemed almost overdone, or at least to reveal an unreasonable impatience, seeing that the question was known to be under careful consideration by the powers that be. Clearly a scheme that promised satisfaction must take a long time to evolve. Overriding everything else was the uncertainty as to the possible volume of damage to be covered. No scheme that proceeded on a wrong assumption in that respect could end otherwise than in deep disillusionment, and none could say at the beginning of the year how great might be the extent of the required cover. But the experi-



EAST KENNETT MANOR, MARLBOROUGH

ence of the last twelve months has tended to provide a good deal of information on that point, and happily to show that, vast as the loss to be made good may be, to make it good should not prove beyond the power of a reasonable levy. Already, although only the outline of the State insurance scheme has been disclosed, it has had a beneficial effect on dealings. The multitude of shareholders and borrowers in the building societies, the individual property owner, and the private lender on the security of real estate, share the feeling of satisfaction that everything possible will be done to lighten the burden of loss by spreading the collection of the necessary reinstatement fund over the whole community of property interests. Admittedly the premiums, if that be the permissible word in such a connection, will press hardly on the small proprietors, but not in any way as hardly as would the non-provision of insurance. The scheme will do much to ease the minds of the small owners, and it may be hoped that it will make it much harder for the "speculators" (a word too complimentary to them) who have been bargaining with needy owners for the acquisition of sound properties in certain districts on the basis of a fourth of the true value. The argument that "If you refuse my offer and hold on to your property you may lose everything" ought not to mislead the most impecunious or timid of owners, and there is reason to believe that some benevolently disposed would-be buyers have already encountered opposition after quite a promising opening of negotiations. There is no need now to sacrifice a freehold, even in the most exposed areas, from fear of ultimate loss through enemy action. Owners who are practically compelled to realise should refuse to discuss terms except through the medium of a recognised estate agent.

EXAGGERATED CLAIMS: A WARNING

FROM the public point of view a word may be added on another aspect of insurance. For some reason best known to themselves certain builders are adding to their preliminary bills, for temporary repairs executed at the owners' expense, a "fee" of 5 per cent. for the so-called "estimate" of damage. Such estimates are the roughest kind of statements of evident damage. Some of that damage is not attributable to war results at all, but merely to the inherent defects or weakness of premises through age and wear and tear, and some of the estimates that have been made (and lodged

with the Official Valuers, or Form V.O.W.1) call for close scrutiny and drastic reduction. It is a fundamental point in any fair adjustment of compensation that owners should content themselves with the minimum sum that can properly be expected for what they have lost. No doubt the official experts will in the end succeed in making grasping owners take as accurate a view of their rights as the Inspectors of Income Tax do tax-payers who underestimate their net incomes.

The expected product of the scheme is £40,000,000 a year in the next five years, and, apart from an increase in the premiums or other provision, it has to cover possible damage to property of a value of about £7,500,000,000. But there is no need for pessimism in the face of such astronomical figures, for at the worst only a comparatively small portion of such property is likely to be damaged.

RESIDENTIAL SALES

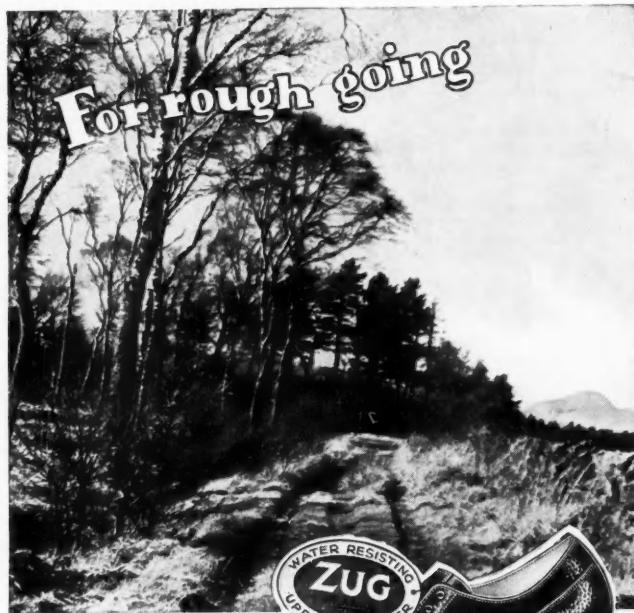
ELM GROVE, Kingsclere, 99 acres, near Newbury, has been sold through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for executors. The principal rooms have oak floors and the doors are panelled.

Sir Stephen Demetriadi, K.B.E., has sold Street Hill Farm, on the South Downs, with the residence recently erected, a secondary house, and cottages; the purchaser has taken the live and dead stock and crops. The agents were Messrs. Woodcocks, who have also sold No Mans Land Farm, St. Albans.

The neighbourhood of Marlborough has unfailing charms for residential purposes at all times. East Kennett Manor, which Messrs. F. L. Mercer and Co. are offering, and should soon sell quickly, is one of those medium-sized Georgian mansions recently brought well up to date, on the Kennet, which are always in demand. Besides Adam fireplaces, mahogany doors, and nine bed and dressing rooms, there are heated garage for two cars, good stabling, and a kitchen garden.

ARBITER.

As a result of a chill caught during a visit to one of the country properties managed by his firm, Mr. Henry William Ellis (Messrs. Prickett and Ellis) died a few days ago, aged sixty-five. With his brother, the surviving partner, Mr. Ellis was agent for most of the large property in Highgate and at Hampstead Heath, as well as having the management of estates in Kent, Essex, Hertfordshire and Gloucestershire. He succeeded his father in the firm, founded at Highgate over 170 years ago, one of whose members, Mr. Frederick Prickett, wrote a "History of Highgate" which, published 100 years ago, is now a rare and valuable volume. Mr. Ellis, a popular Member of the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute, sat on the Holborn Borough Council, and had considerable interests in that district, where the firm's Chancery Lane office has been carried on for over a century. He was a kind and helpful man to professional beginners, and ever willing to give advice to needy owners and tenants without thought of any fee. None was keener to uphold any movement for the maintenance of the amenities of the Northern Heights.



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For those who prefer a smooth grain shoe of lighter weight, "Aquatite" is recommended. It has all the famous qualities of Zug. Ladies particularly prefer "Aquatite" shoes.

Look for the Oval Label.

Obtainable at most good shoe stores, but in case of difficulty apply to us for name of nearest stockist.

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Will you help by "adopting" one of our soldiers, sailors or airmen who are Prisoners of War in Germany? For 5/- a month, the man will receive one parcel with regular parcels of books and games of his own choice, individually addressed, in your name. £1 a month will "adopt" four prisoners. Readers of "COUNTRY LIFE" will not need to be told what such parcels mean to men in captivity!

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YOUR GRASSLAND will be less— MAKE THE MOST OF IT

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Do all you can to improve surface drainage, for good grass cannot grow in water-logged soil. If there is any mat that might clog growth in spring, harrow it out drastically—grassland will stand a lot of rough treatment in winter and profit by it. Lime the land if it is sour and give it a good dressing of basic slag or superphosphate.

Select your best fields for early grass—those in dry, sheltered situations containing plenty of ryegrass and cocksfoot—and give them special attention. Stop winter grazing or graze very lightly so that the best grasses have a chance to recover and start vigorous growth as early as possible in spring.

Aim at getting plenty of young grass. It is very rich in protein and any not wanted for grazing can be made into cake substitute silage for the winter keep of dairy and fattening cattle.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

NEW IDEAS IN TWEEDS

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

ONE of the many ways in which dress has altered in recent years is in the design and colour of tweeds. They have always had a place quite their own in the Englishwoman's regard, but on the whole their beauty in the past was more of texture and weave than of colouring, or rather, though that was often attractive—except in what our grandmothers called "loud" checks—it has remained for the present-day weaver to exploit the possibilities of colour and colour-combination, for which tweed gives unrivalled scope, to their fullest effect. Now the most glowing and glorious shades are used, and used boldly, not only in mingled threads as was the case in the past, but in slabs of colour softened and harmonised by the other colours threaded through them. Take, for instance, the tweed used for the coat and skirt shown in the photograph reproduced on this page; the colours that can be detected in it at a glance are copper, two greens and brown, yellow and beige and red. The darkest squares are of the copper with least in evidence of the other colours, some of which—and I think there are more than I have mentioned—are merely single threads adding a depth or lightness to the whole composition and preventing the bolder masses of colour from being too obvious. This is very much in the present-day taste for tweeds, and even the general colour effect is of the moment.

THE TWEED SUIT OF TO-DAY

The tweed suit illustrated is just as much in the fashion in its cut and tailoring as in its material. The shoulders, though padded, are not in the least exaggerated, the skirt is of the accepted length for country wear, and the big pockets, fitting but not accentuated waistline,



Dover Street Studios

A COAT AND SKIRT IN A NEW TWEED IN WHICH COPPER IS THE PREVAILING COLOUR.



THE COPPER COLOURED TAILORED JERSEY BLOUSE WHICH IS THE SUIT'S IDEAL COMPLEMENT

and revers neither very high nor very low, are all points to be noted. Though supremely smart at the moment, this is a coat and skirt which will look well for many a day. The tweed, though a warm one, is sufficiently light to be comfortable for general wear and cosy under an overcoat.

THE JERSEY BLOUSE

Another quite recent change in fashion is to be seen in the garments which we choose to wear with our tweed suits. Frankly, a few years ago the range of suitable blouses and jumpers was a very short one, and they were generally dull and unimaginative, if useful, garments. Nobody can think them that now. With delightful tailored shirts in thin woollen materials, with knitted jumpers better designed than they have ever been, and such attractive garments as the jersey blouse worn in the second illustration with the skirt of the suit, there is choice enough, and a good choice, to satisfy the most exigent. The jersey blouse shown in the picture is in copper to accentuate the strongest colour of the tweed, but Messrs. Jenners (Princes Street, Edinburgh), by whom both suit and blouse were made, have it also in that very generally becoming colour, mustard. It is not only well tailored and well cut, but extremely practical. The neat high neck and collar, which show to advantage in the other photograph, quite solve the problem of "something at the neck" which confronts us all in chilly weather and cannot be very happily solved for tweeds by wearing fur. By the bye, readers whom the war has sent to Scotland may be glad to know that Messrs. Jenners' is an excellent shop for buying those clothes for boys and girls that, even in war-time some children persist in growing and arms and legs will get longer, we shall have to expend some money on in January.

"SOUP FROM A SAUSAGE SKEWER"

I think it was Hans Andersen who invented that particularly frugal fare, soup from a sausage skewer; but the other day, meditating on the lavish hands with which our forerunners in the kitchen dealt out their eggs and butter, I picked up the "Sussex Recipe Book" and found a most attractive-sounding recipe for soup which at the end of the eighteenth century could be made for about one penny a quart. I have not worked out its cost to-day, but if it were fives times as much it would still be cheap. Into an iron saucepan you put half a pound of "solid meat" cut small, with two ounces of dripping and a quarter of a pound of onions sliced small, and a quarter of an ounce of brown sugar, and fry them. Add a quarter of a pound of turnips, two ounces of leeks ("green tops will do," says the author, for which we bless her) and three of celery, all chopped small, and stir for ten minutes. Then add one quart of water, half a pound of rice or pearl barley, and mix well. Pour in five quarts of hot water, season with salt, bring to the boil and simmer for three hours.

The one difficulty at the moment, in carrying out this recipe, is that of finding, supposing that you wanted five or six quarts of soup, quarter of a pound of onions. That difficulty could be got over, however, by increasing the quantity of leeks, using shallots or chives, if you are lucky enough to have them and could bear to sacrifice their little bulbs, or if your household likes it a very little garlic.

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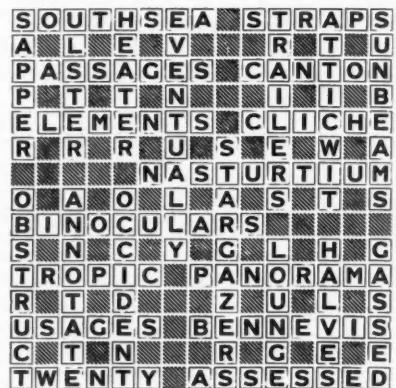
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SOLUTION to No. 569

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of December 21st, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

1. The thoughts of Midas? (two words, 6, 8)
8. Conveyance from Germany (6)
9. Gothic's nineteenth century comeback (7)
12. For him noise comes to nothing (4)
13. As opposed to the cultured Jew? (10)
15. Often broken in the 19 (5)
16. The adoption of a wife, perhaps (8)
17. Postpone payment, do we? Not with a penny (3)
18. The London square in which a brave leg can be shown in turning (8)
20. A writer in the nib sense (5)
23. A place where Nature gets involved with a star (10)
24. The beginning of 6 flows backwards (4)
26. How Salisbury Cathedral might affect a poet? (7)
27. One who fights her way out of South America? (6)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 570

A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 570, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Friday, January 3rd, 1941.**

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 570

Owing to the Christmas holidays the winner of Crossword No. 568 will be announced in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for January 4th.

28. If there's something rotten in it to-day, it is not of its Sovereign's making (three words, 5, 2, 7).

DOWN.

2. Made in no rational assembly (7)
3. Its but to do (twice) and die (4)
4. — 4 (6)
5. "Say pearl" (anagr.) (8)
6. But its capital is not New Edinburgh (two words, 4, 6)
7. Only seen in a cloud that is well off? (two words, 6, 6)
10. The blood in them flows back (5)
11. Red portents of a white Christmas —perhaps (two words, 5, 7)
14. "Cave! Retire" (anagr.) (10)
16. One of the flock (3)
17. Love and fear get confused on the other side (8)
19. Leans over (5)
21. He stands and delivers (7)
22. One who has found a refuge advises a friend to take cover (6)
25. Mutilate (4).

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for January**



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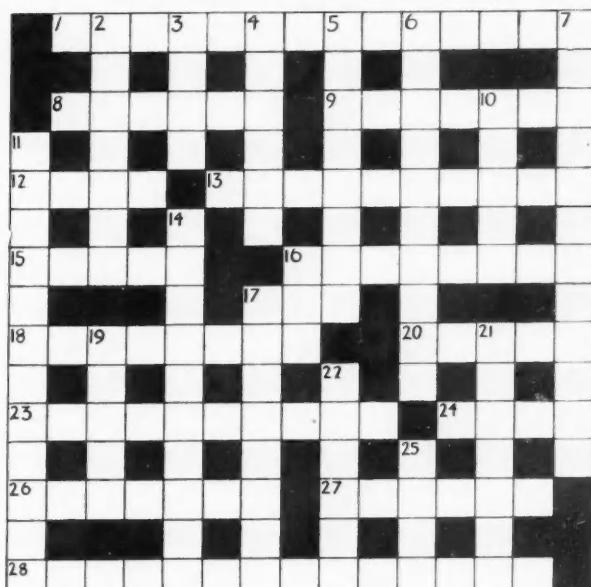
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